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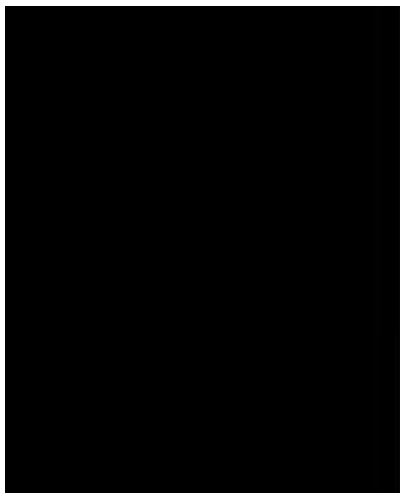
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**THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE,**
**WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS.**

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one-----
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Atrun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue. BROWN

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
G. CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND

MDCCLXXI.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS
IMITATIONS, || EPISTLES,
ODES, || MISCELLANIES,
VERSIFICATIONS, || EPITAPHS,

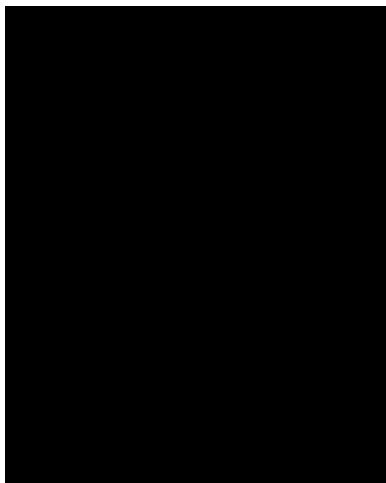
&c. &c. &c.

Come thou, my Friend ! my Genius ! come along ;
Oh, master of the poet, and the song ;
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends
To man's low passions or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise---
Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
Shall then this Verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring Pride, whatever is is right---
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. ESS. ON MAN.

LONDON :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
G. CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

M DCC XCVI.



THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

SHE said ; and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies ;
“ Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.) 10
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commota ministræ,
Ingemuit; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem.
“ Te tamen, o genitrix, alienæ sanguine vestro
Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
Fata meæ referam? quanquam lacrymæque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. Fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima forma 10
Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
A iij

FABLE OF DRYOPE.

Dræmon lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
at pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.
A lake there was with shelving banks around, 15
whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd;
These shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
A smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20
A distant far a wat'ry lotos grows;
A spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
And with blossoms, promised fruits that vie

TABLE OF DRYOPS.

7

Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
 The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30
 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
 As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
 Forsook her form ; and, fixing here, became
 A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.
 This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight ;
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
 And the offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd :
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground : 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And as she struggles only moves above ;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below.
 Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
 To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :

Decidere, et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 30
 Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
 Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obscœna Priapi,
 Contulerat versos servato nomine vultus.
 Nescierat soror hoc ; quæ cum perterrita retro 33
 Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere nymphis,
 Hæserunt radice pedes. Convellere pugnat : 40
 Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. Succrescit ab imo,
 Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
 Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,

Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade !
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire

The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
 From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear;
 And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.

“ If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n, 70
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred:
 In mutual innocence our lives we led.
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care ;
 And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed.

Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
 Chara soror ! lacrymæ verso de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis: ac dum licet, oraque præstant 65
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aera questus:
 “ Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juror
 Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine pœnam. 70
 Viximus innocuæ ; si mentior, arida perdam,
 Quas habeo, frondes, et cæsa securibus urar. 75
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
 Et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbore sæpe
 Lac facitote bibat, nostraque sub arbore ludat.

Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name, 81
To hail this tree ; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies ;
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh ! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs ; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !
If in your breasts, or love, or pity, dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90

FABLE OF DRYOPE.

11

**Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."**

**She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be, 100
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd." 103**

**Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber serpit, summoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus: sine munere vestro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex."**

**Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque 100
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes."**

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign ;
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

13

Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The god, whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care 25
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair!
Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears,
And first a reaper from the field appears : 30

Nec patitur sentire sitim ; bibulæque recurvas 15
Radiciſ fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc ſtudium. Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agreſtum metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus : et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. 20
Quid non et ſatyri ſaltatibus apta juventus,
Fecere, et pinu præcincti cornua panes,
Sylvanusque ſuis ſemper juveniliſ annis;
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut potirentur ea ? ſed enim ſuperabat amando 25
Hos quoque Vertumnus : neque erat feliciſ illis.
O quoties habitu duri meſſoriſ ariſtas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit meſſoriſ imago! 30

d the loose stragglers to their ranks confines ;
w gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
oldier now, he, with his sword, appears ;
isher next, his trembling angle bears ;
ch shape he varies, and each art he tries,
her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
ith all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
temples thinly spread with silver hairs :
opp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
ainted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.

mpora sæpe gerens fœno religata recenti,
lectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
pe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum
ares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.
ce data frondator erat, vitisque putator :

The god, in this decrepit form array'd, 50
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
 And, "Happy you!" he thus address'd the maid,
 "Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
 "As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
 Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow 55
 Than such as women on their sex bestow)
 Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
 An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread; 60
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
 "Yet this tall elm, but for this vine," he said,
 "Hast stood neglected, and a barren shade;
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround 65
 Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.

Innitens baculo, positus ad tempora canis,
 Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos;
 Pomæque mirata est; "Tantoque potentior," inquit,
 Paucaque laudatæ dedit oscula; qualia nunquam 55
 Vera dedisset anus: glebaque incurva resedit,
 Suspiciens pandos autumnæ pondere ramos.
 Ulmus erat contra spatiosa tumentibus uvis; 60
 Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;
 "At si staret," ait, "cœlebs, sine palmitè truncus,
 Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
 Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo, 65
 Si non nupta foret, terræ acclinata jaceret.

Ah! beauteous Maid! let this example move
Your mind averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms, 71
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain;
A thousand sylvans, demi-gods, and gods, 75
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,

For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair:
 For you he lives; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care.
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest, 90
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same. 95
 To him your orchard's early fruits are due;
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you).
 He values these; but yet, alas! complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.

Me quoque pignus habe. Neque enim sibi notior
 ille est,

Quam mihi. Nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe. 85
 Hæc loca sola colit. Nec uti pars magnæ procorum,
 Quam modo vidit, amat. Tu primus et ultimus illi
 Ardor eris; solique suos tibi devovet annos.
 Adde, quod est juvenis: quod naturale decoris 90
 Munus habet; formasque apte fingetur in omnes:
 Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet. [tur,
 Quid, quod amatis item, quod, quæ tibi poma colun-
 Primus habet; lætaque tenet tua munera dextra? 98
 Sed neque jam foetus desiderat arbore demptos,

so constant and so pure a fire : 105
mpassion touch your gentle mind ;
Vertumnus begs you to be kind :

frost, when early buds appear,
e promise of the youthful year ; 109
, when first your florid orchard blows,
light blossoms from their blasted boughs !
hen the various god had urg'd in vain,
t assum'd his native form again :
so bright an aspect now he bears,
thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
e exerting his refulgent ray,
e darkness, and reveals the day.

hortus alit. cum succis mitibus herbas ; 100

rat: sed vi non est opus; inque figura
lympa est, et mutua vulnera sentit.

**IMITATIONS
OF ENGLISH POETS.**

[Done by the Author in his youth.]

I. CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Ireland;
Which to the fennes hath him betake,

" Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,

" Then trust on mon whose yerde can talke."

26

II. SPENSER.

The Alley.

I.

In ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low,
Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro:
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe, 5
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
Doth many a stinking sprat, and herring, lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sunburnt matrons seen 15
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds---bad neighbour-
hood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passenger's annoy)
Close at my heel, with yelping treble flies; 20
Volume III. C

The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies; 25
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round;
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are

IV.

[drown'd

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who, in her early days,
Baskets of fish, at Billingsgate, did watch, 30

Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo---n's dog and bitch. 50
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's
 tow'ry pride. 54

III. WALLER.

On a Lady singing to her lute.

FAIR charmer ! cease ; nor make your voice's prize
 A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :
 Well might, alas ! that threaten'd vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too bless'd with these enchanting lays, 5
 Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays ;
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
 Orpheus could charm the trees ; but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he. 10
 A poet made the silent wood pursue ;
 This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

*On a Fan of the Author's design, in which was painted the
 story of Cephalus and Procris, with the motto " Aura
 Veni."*

COME, gentle Air ! th' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade ;

3 dogs alarm the neighbours round ;
rils, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are

IV.

[drown'd

y, beneath a roof of thatch,
uy, who, in her early days,
sh, at Billingsgate, did watch, 30
ig, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
'd she speech from tongues that never
de her like a magpie chatters, [cease.
(spitting Cat) dread foe to peace ;
l cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

re mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand ;
vas black as hull-dogs at the stall ;
d, bit, and spar'd ne lace, ne band,

Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo---n's dog and bitch. 50
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's
 tow'ry pride. 54

III. WALLER.

On a Lady singing to her lute.

Fain charmer ! cease ; nor make your voice's prize
 A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :
 Well might, alas ! that threaten'd vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too bless'd with these enchanting lays, 5
 Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays ;
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
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Come, gentle Air ! th' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade ;

Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love. 10
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,

There the green infants in their beds are laid,
 The Garden's hope, and its expected shade.
 Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;
 Exceed their promise in their ripen'd store,
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20
 There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
 By laurels shielded from the piercing day;
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade;
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
 Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
 And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays. 30

Weeping.

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
 Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes;
 The sun, next those the fairest light,
 Thus from the ocean first did rise;
 And thus thro' mists we see the sun, 5
 Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
 Foretell the fervour of the day:
 So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,
 And blasting lightnings burst away. 10

fit to drown him in her tears ;
th' ambitious nymph aspire
e him, heav'n too on fire.

V. E. OF ROCHESTER.

On Silence.

I.

coeval with eternity ;
ere Nature's self began to be ;
vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Thought conceiv'd Creation's birth,
Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

the elements against the first

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain :
 Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
 And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free, 16
 Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
 And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Darkness lies,
 And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise ; 20
 Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise !

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest ;
 Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
 And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence ! the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
 The only honour of the wishing dame, 26
 The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame !

X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
 How church and state should be oblig'd to thee !
 At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou be ?

XI.

Yet speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws 31
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause ;
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes, 35
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry, 40
Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee;
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI. E. of DORSET.

Artemisia.

any part except her face,
All white and black beside :
Auntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.
So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
Majestically stalk ;
A stately worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

Poryus.

PORRYNE had talents for mankind;
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade :
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state,
Here first their entry made.
Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian, or the Dutch,
Spaniards, or French, came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear :
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynbeer*,
'Twas *S' il vous plait, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, grown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,

own those insects fair
ious Germans hold so rare)
shapes and dyes;
ew titles with new forms;
obscene, then wriggling worms,
inted butterflies.

20

24

VII. DR. SWIFT.

The happy Life of a Country Parson.

these things in thy possessing
than the bishop's blessing:
at makes conserves; a steed
ies double when there's need;
tore, and best Virginia,
5, and mortuary guinea;
omatic down and frank'd,

5

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

31

Lo here the Septuagint---and Paul,
To sum the whole---the close of all. **15**

He that has these may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife ;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays---if he will ; **20**
Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with churchwardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S---t. **24**

ADVERTISEMENT

be first Publication of this Epistle.

is a sort of bill of complaint, begun since, and drawn up by snatches as the occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it till it pleased some persons of rank and the authors of Verses to the Imitator of [an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity] [a Gentleman at Hampton-Court] to attack in an extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (being publick, the public is judge) but my morals, and family, whereof, to those of me not, a truer information may be received being divided between the necessity to say good of myself, and my own laziness to undertake a task. I thought it the shortest

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend, to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26



Friend to my life! (which, did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath, or love? 30
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd, and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace, 35
And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhimes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45
"I'm all submission; what you'd have it---make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me---"But here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet.---" 'Tis a stranger sues, 55
"A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd that the House reject him, "'Sdeath, I'll print it,

"And shame the fools---Your int'rest, Sir, with
Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks; 65

At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks."

Pit, box, and gall'ry, in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thoustand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew: 90
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer, 95
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
 Still Sappho---A. Hold! for God's sake you'll offend,
 No names---becalm---learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these---P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the slaver kills and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent;
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
 One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes; 110
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
 There are who to my person pay their court: 115
 I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short;

"Immortal Plato held his head:"
 When I die, be sure you let me know
 How long I dy'd three thousand years ago.
 What did I write? what sin to me unknown, 125
 What name in ink, my parents', or my own?
 Was I a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 Or numbers, for the numbers came.
 Was I calling for this idle trade,
 Which broke, no father disobey'd: 130
 Or was I serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
 To ease me thro' this long disease, my life,
 Or did, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
 Or was the being you preserv'd to bear.
 Why then publish? Granville the polite, 135
 Or witty Walsh, would tell me I could write;
 Or dur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
 Or greiv'd lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
 Or tly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
 Or dur'd Rochester would read the book.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,

A painted mistress, or a purling stream.

150

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;

I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.

Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;

I never answer'd: I was not in debt.

If want provok'd, or madness made them print,

155

I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad,

If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,

And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.

160

Commas and points they set exactly right,

And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,

From slashing Bentley, down to piddling Tibalds:

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,

Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,

166

Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,

Preserv'd in Milton's, or in Shakespeare's name.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

170

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there,

Were others angry, I excus'd them too;

Well might they rage. I gave them but their due.

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;

175

But each man's secret standard in his mind.

us, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-
 till wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 ch, spends little, yet has nothing left ;
 no now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
 , but blunders round about a meaning ;
 ose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 etry, but prose run mad :
 ny modest Satire bade translate,
 d that nine such poets made a Tate. 190
 ey fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
 ; not Addison himself was safe.
 all such ! But were there one whose fires
 is kindles, and fair fame inspires,
 th each talent and each art to please, 195
 o write, converse, and live with ease ;
 h a man, too fond to rule alone,
 the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 on eyes that would him stare, if he

Dreading ev' a frow, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Like Cato, with his little senate-jaw,
 And all attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and Tophams ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise,
 Who must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?
 What che' my name stood scrib'd on the walls,
 Or plaister'd posts, with cups, or capitals?
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hankers' load,
 On wings of wind, came flying all about?
 I sought no homage from the race that write;
 I kept, like Asiatic monarchs, from their sight;
 Poems I heeded (now herbynd w' long)
 No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.
 I ne'er with wits or wifings pass'd my days,
 To spend about the fish of verse and praise;
 Nor, like a quary, dogg'd thro' the Town,
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
 Nor at rehearsals great, and smooth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchiefs and orange at my side;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Buda left the whole Castilian state.
 Proud as Apollo on his forked hill;
 Sate full-blown Bubo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His library (where hests of poets dead
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)

210

215

220

225

230

235

Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat ;
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise :
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder ?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye,
But still the great have kindness in reserve :

Not born for courts or great affairs;
 My debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
 I sleep without a poem in my head,
 Now, if Dennis be alive or dead. 270
 What am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 What was I born for nothing but to write?
 No joys for me? or (to be grave)
 No friend to serve, no soul to save? 274
 And him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
 (I prating Balbus) something will come out."
 In vain, deny it as I will;
 Such a genius never can lie still;"
 And for mine obligingly mistakes
 That lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes. 280
 Foolish I! and can I chuse but smile,
 Every coxcomb knows me by my Style?
 Be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 Tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 True scandal, innocence a fear, 285
 The soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
 Who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 All'n worth, or beauty in distress,
 Res a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Writes a libel, or who copies out; 290
 Whose pride affects a patron's name,
 That wounds an author's honest fame;
 In your merit selfishly approve,
 Without the sense of it, without the love;
 Is the vanity to call you Friend, 295
 Or the honour, injur'd, to defend;

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there; 30
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble---A. What? that thing of sill
Sporus! that mere white curd of asses' milk? 30
Satire or conceit, what I can Sporus feel?

Amphibious things: that acting either part,
The trifling hand, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, Whore at the board;
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord:
Ere's tempter, then the Rabbinical expert, 330
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's mistress, nor Ambition's tool, 335
Not proud nor servile, the one poet's praise;
That if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many ways;
That flattery, even to flattery, he held a shame,
And thought as his own voice or press the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The censorious wit, or fearing to be hit; 345
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unselt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
Th' imputed truth, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse, all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355

knave's a knave, to me, in every state,
 my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
 s at court, or Japhet in a jail;
 eling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 t of the Post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
 i pillory, or near a throne,
 in his prince's ear, or lose his own.
 soft by nature, more a dape than wit,
 o can tell you how this man was bit:
 readed eat'rist Dennis will confess 370
 his pride, but friend to his distress;
 mble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 runk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moore.
 en years slander'd, did he once reply?
 thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie. 375
 ease a mistress one aspers'd his life;
 h'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 adgel charge, low Grub-street on his quill,

Unspotted names, and memorable long !
If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung.---A. What fortune, pray ?

P. Their own ; 390

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age ; 395
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.

By nature honest, by experience wise, 400
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise ;

His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die ! 404
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine !

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine ;
Me let the tender office long engage

To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410

Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep awhile one parent from the sky!

Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES,

OF HORACE :

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

HOR.

Advertisement.

THE occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers, under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good

Advertisement.

EVER expects a paraphrase of Horace, or a
al copy of his genius, or manner of writing,
ese Imitations, will be much disappointed.
Author uses the Roman poet for little more
his canvas; and if the old design or colouring
e to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he em-
his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence
s is so frequently serious, where Horace is in
nd at ease, where Horace is disturbed. In a
he regulates his movements no farther on his
al, than was necessary for his concurrence in
ting their common plan of reformation of
ers.

een his purpose merely to paraphrase an an-
atirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace:
whom, as a poet, he held little in common,

his force and splendour of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius; and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself by turning into ridicule.

If it be asked, then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his Advertisement; to which we may add, that this sort of Imitations, which are of the nature of Parody, throws reflected grace and splendour on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

DRACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

IMITATED.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

are, (I scarce can think it, but am told)
to whom my Satire seems too bold;
vise Peter complaisant enough,
hing said of Chartres much too rough.
are weak, another's pleas'd to say;

let it.

and for m
land in cu
Jude rush

7. You
Why, if t
Or rather,
Lecture at
But talk v
Hartshorn
if you

P. Not write? but then I think,
 1 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
 I nod in company, I wake at night,
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
 Why, if the nights seem tedious---take a wife;
 2 Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,
 Lettuce and cowslip wine: *probatum est*.
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20
 3 Or if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise;
 4 You'll gain, at least, a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What? like Sir 5 Richard, rumbling, rough and
 fierce,
 With arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the
 verse,

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non
 Optimum erat; 1 verum nequeo dormire.

T. 2 Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
 Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

3 Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
 Cæsar's invicti res dicere, 4 multa laborum
 Præmia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
 Deficiunt: 5 neque enim quivis horrentia pillis

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thund-
der?

Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force;
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. 1 Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay; 30
Lull with Amella's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.

P. 2 Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear:
They scarce can bear the Laureate twice a-year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays. 35

Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam :
The fewer still you name, you wound the more ;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. 2 Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny 45
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie ;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she ;

3 F--- loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another. 50

4 I love to pour out all myself as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne :
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
Will prove, at least, the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;

1 Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et
odit.

H. 2 Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel
icto

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

3 Castor gaudet equis ; ovo prognatus eodem,

Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

Millia. 4 me pedibus delectat claudere verba,

Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
x Verseman or Proseman, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
a Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—

1 What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. 2 Your plea is good; but still I say beware!

Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145

A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

3 Consult the statute; *quart.* I think it is,

Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

P. 4 Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed! 150

But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,

Such as a king might read, a bishop write,

Such as sir Robert would approve—F. indeed!

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed:

5 In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd, 155

My lords the judges laugh, and you 're dismiss'd.

1 nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,

Dissentis.

T. 2 Equidem nihil hic diffindere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

3 “ Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
“ Judiciumque.”

H. Esto, si quis 4 mala: sed bona si quis

Judice condiderit laudatur Cæsare. si quis

Opprobriis dignum latraverit, integer ipse,

T. 5 Solventur risu tabulæ; tu missus abibis.

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. II.

IMITATED.

TO MR. BETHEL.

¹ **WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart!**

² **(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)**

Let's talk, my friends, but talk ³ before we dine;

⁴ **Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride**

“ Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
¹ Your wine lock’d up, your butler stroll’d abroad,
 Or fish deny’d, (the river yet unthaw’d)
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
² Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen ;
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

Corruptus jūdex. leporam sectatus, equove
 Lassus ab indomito ; vel si Romana satigat
 Militia assuetum Græcari ; seu pila velox,
 Moliter austerum studio fallante laborem ;
 Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco :
 Cum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis
 Sperne cibum vilem ; nisi Hymettia mella Falerno
 Ne biberis diluta. ¹ foris est promus, et atrum
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare : cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas ? aut
 Quî partum ? non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa. sed in teipso est. tu pulmentaria quære
 Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque, nec ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.

² Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum,
 Corruptus vanis rerum ; quia veneat auro

blast it, ³ South-winds : un-
nk as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

ara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda : [is
anquam ad rem attineat quicquam. num vesce-
nam laudas, pluma ? cocto num adest honorider
arne tamen quamvis distat nihil, hac magis illa
mparibus formis deceptum te patet. esto.
Inde datum sentis, lupo hic, Tiberinus, an :
Captus hiet ? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci ? ¹ laudas, insane, trilibrem
Mallum ; in singula quem minuas pulmenta nec
est.
Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse lupos ? quia scilicet illis
datum dedit, his breve pondus

y what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.
¹ Cheap eggs; and herbs, and olives, still we see; 35
 Thus much is left of old simplicity!
² The robin redbreast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a martin's nest,
 Till baccaficos sold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a peer. 40
³ Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
 Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
⁴ 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice and fall into the other:

Atque æcidas mavult inulas. ¹ necdum omnis abacta
 Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis,
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. haud ita pridem
 Gallonî præconis erat acipensere mensa
 Infamis. quid? tum rhombus minus æquor alebat?
² Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido;
 Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. ergo
³ Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos;
 Parebit pravi docilis Romana juvenus.

⁴ *Sordidus a tenui victu distabit, Ofello*

One nair-pint bottle serves them both to d
 nd is at once their vinegar and wine :
 at on some ⁴ lucky day, (as when they fo
 lost bank-bill, or heard their son was dr
 t such a feast, ⁵ old vinegar to spare,
 what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear :
 J, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 it souse the cabbage with a bounteous hea
⁶ He knows to live who keeps the middle
 nd neither leans on this side nor on that ;

dice. nam frustra vitium vitaveris illud ;
 te alio pravum detorseris. ¹ Avidienus,
 cui canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæren
 inquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna ;
 c. nisi mutatum narrat defendere.

Lat. II. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 67

Nor ¹ stops for one bad cork his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
 Nor lets, like ² Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

³ Now hear what blessings temperance can bring :
 Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
 First health : the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft' ⁵ the schoolboys simple fare,
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

⁶ How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest 75
 Rise from a clergy or a city feast !
 What life in all that ample body say ?
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay ?

in neutram partem cultus miser. ¹Hic neque servis.
 Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
 Jævus erit ; nec sit ut simplex ²Nævius, unctam [num.
 Convivis præbebit aquam : vitium hoc quoque mag-

³ Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
 Afferat. ⁴ in primis valeas bene : nam variæ res
 Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ
 Quæ simplex ⁵ olim tibi sederit. at simul assis
 Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliæ turdis ;
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
 Lenta feret pituita. ⁶ vides, ut pallidus omnis

but we may exceed some men,
 r'd in search of truth or search of rhyme :
 alth some just indulgence may engage,
 more the sickness of long life, old age :
 fainting age what cordial drop remains,
 or intemp'rate youth the vessel drains? 90
 Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
 aps young men! our fathers had no nose.

a desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
 ernes vitiis animum quoque prægravat una,
 ue affigit humo divinæ particulum auræ.
 Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
 nbra dedit, vegetus pæscripta ad munia surgit.
 c tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quandam;
 : diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
 : corpus : ubique

: a buck was then a week's repast,
 was their point, I ween, to make it last;
 pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come
 at the sweetest by themselves at home. 96
 had not I in those good times my birth,
 recomb pies or coxcombs were on earth?
 worthy he the voice of Fame to hear,
 sweetest music to an honest ear, 100
 Faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
 world's good word is better than a song)
 as not learn'd ³ fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
 rewards for want and infamy!
 uxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 by thy ⁴ neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
 nds to fortune, to mankind, a shame,
 how posterity will treat thy name;
 buy a rope, that future times may tell
 ast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

illus erat; sed, credo, hac mente quod hospes
 : adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
 m edax dominus consumeret. ¹ hos utinam
 natum tellus me prima tulisset. [inter
 aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
 t humanem? grandes rhombi, patinæque
 ferunt una ³ cum damno dedecus. adde
 patrum, vicinos te tibi iniquum,
 ra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
 uei pretium.

¹ "Right," cries his Lordship; "for a rogue in
" To have a taste is insolence indeed: [need
" In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
" My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the sun, let ² Bounty spread her ray, 115
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the ³new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall; 120
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five *per cent*.

ess'd with little, whose preventing care
 ce provides fit arms against a war?"
 s Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought;
 lways thinks the very thing he ought: 130
 ual mind I copy what I can,
 s I love would imitate the man.
 ith-sea days, not happier, when surmis'd
 ord of thousands, than if now ² excis'd;
 est planted by a father's hand, 135
 in five acres now of rented land.
 nt with little, I can piddle here
 xocoli and mutton round the year;
 ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)
 touch my bell, I cannot turn away: 140
 rue, no ⁵ turbots dignify my boards,
 idgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

ai contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
 ce, ut sapiens, aptârit idonea bello?
 o magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvis Ofellum
 ris opibus novi non latius usum,
 i nunc ² accisis. videas metato in agello,
 pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
 ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
 quam, præter ³ olus, fumosæ cum pede pernæ.
 ihi, cum ⁴ longum post tempus venerat hospes,
 perum vacío gratus conviva per imbrem
 us, bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
 ullo, atque hædo: tum ⁵ pensilis uva secundas

To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
'Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:

¹ From yon' old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall, 145
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,

And figs from standard and espalier join ;

The devil is in you if you cannot dine :

Then ² cheerful healths, (your mistress shall have
place),

And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150

³ Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ;
'Tho' double-tax'd, how little have I lost !

My life's amusements have been just the same

o build without a son or wife:
 you'll enjoy it only all your life."
 he use be mine, can it concern one 165
 the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 property? dear Swift! you see it alter
 to me, from me to ² Peter Walter;
 nortgage prove a lawyer's share,
 inture vanish from the heir; 170
 e ³ Equity (the case not clear)
 ic'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
 t falls to some ⁴ ungracious son,
 s, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
 hat to Bacon could retreat afford, 175
 he portion of a booby lord;
 asley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
 a scriv'ner or a city knight.
 ds and houses have what lords they will,
 fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

opriæ telluris herum natura, neque illum,
 nec quemquam statuit, nos expulit ille :
 : ² nequities, aut ³ vafri inscitia juris,
 expellet certe ⁴ vivacior heres.
 ger Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
 rit nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum
 ni, nunc alii. ⁶ quocirca vivite fortes;
 : adversis opponite pectora rebus.

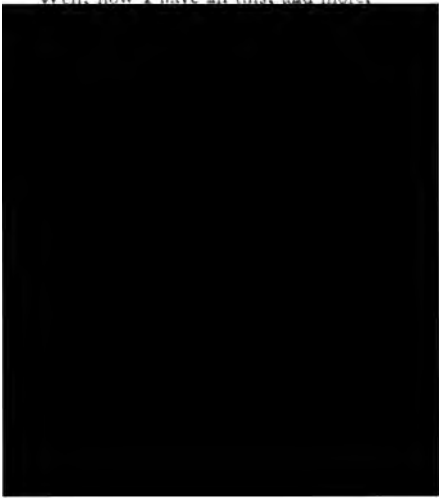
HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

IMITATED.

*The First Part imitated in the year 1714, by
Swift, the latter part added afterwards.*

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more.



at. VI. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 15

‘ And if I pray by Reason’s rules, 15
 ‘ And not like forty other fools,
 ‘ As thus, “ Vouchsafe, oh, gracious Maker !
 ‘ To grant me this and t’ other acre ;
 ‘ Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 ‘ Direct my plough to find a treasure ; 20
 ‘ But only what my station fits,
 ‘ And to be kept in my right wits,
 ‘ Preserve, almighty Providence !
 ‘ Just what you gave me, competence ;
 ‘ And let me in these shades compose 25
 ‘ Something in verse as true as prose,
 ‘ Remov’d from all th’ ambitious scene,
 ‘ Nor puff’d by pride, nor sunk by spleen.”

In short, I’m perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent, 30
 Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to Town,
 ’Tis for the service of the Crown ;

*Si veneror stultus nihil horum ; O si angulus ille
 Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum !
 O si urnam argenti fors qua mihi monstret ! ut illi,
 Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
 Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico [oro ;
 Hercule : si, quod adest, gratum juvat : hac prece te
 Pingue pecus domino facias, et cætera, præter
 Ingenium : utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.
 Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,*

“ Lewis, the Dean will be of use ;

3

“ Send for him up, take no excuse.”

The toil, the danger, of the seas,
Great ministers ne’er think of these ;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money’s found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne’er consider’d yet.

4

“ Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,

“ Let my Lord know you’re come to Town.”

I hurry me in haste away,

4

Not thinking it is levee-day,

. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 77

ught the Dean had been too proud
 ostle here among a crowd."
 r, in a surly fit, 55
 e I have more zeal than wit;
 ger to express your love,
 ne'er consider whom you shove,
 udely press before a duke."
 I am pleas'd with this rebuke, 60
 ce it kindly meant, to show
 desire the world should know.
 a whisper and withdraw,
 wenty fools I never saw
 ith petitions fairly penn'd, 65
 ; I would stand their friend.
 humbly offers me his case—
 gs my int'rest for a place—
 ed other men's affairs,
 s, are humming in my ears, 70
 orrow my appeal comes on,
 out your help the cause is gone."—

um in turba ; facienda injuria tardis.
 , insane, et quas res agis ? (improbis urget
 ecibus) tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 cenatem memori si mente recurras.
 at, et melli est ; non mentiar. at simul afros
 est Esquilias ; aliena negotia centum
 it, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
 rabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
 muni scribæ magna atque nova te

“ The duke expects my lord and you
“ About some great affair at two.”—
“ Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
“ To get my warrant quickly sign’d :
“ Consider, ’t is my first request.”—
“ Be satisfy’d, I’ll do my best :”—
Then presently he falls to tease,
“ You may for certain, if you please ;
“ I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
“ And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.”—
’Tis (let me see) three years and more

. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 79

Have you nothing new to-day
 "Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
 Little often entertains 95
 Lord and me as far as Staines,
 "e a week we travel down
 Windsor, and again to Town,
 All that passes *inter nos*
 be proclaim'd at Charing-cross. 100
 "some I know with envy swell
 "they see me us'd so well.
 "think you of our friend the Dean?
 "under what some people mean;
 Lord and he are grown so great, 105
 says together *tête à tête*.
 "t! they admire him for his jokes—
 "ut the fortune of some folks!"
 lies about a strange report
 e express arriv'd at Court; 110

rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
in hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam
. Noster ludos spectaverat una,
in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.
s a rostris manat per compita rumor;
que obvius est, me consulit: O bone, (nam te
teos quoniam proprius contingis, oportet)
id de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
eris derisor? At omnes Dî exagitent me,
nam. Quid? militibus promissa triquetra
æsar, an est Itala tellure daturus?

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,

"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat ?

"Or do the prints and papers lie ?"

"Faith, Sir, you know as much as I."

"Ah! Doctor, how you love to jest !

"'Tis now no secret." "I protest

"'Tis one to me."—"Then tell us, pray,

"When are the troops to have their pay ?"

And tho' I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor

OF HORACE.

tion drown
 the Court and Town.
 nights divine !
 en I dine,
 y folks below, 135
 g all-a-row,
 set before 'em,
 l with all decorum ;
 leas'd, and please, 140
 ogs at ease !
 of idle things,
 alian sings,
 hness, or his spouse's,
 of the Houses ;
 uch more our concern, 145
 dal not to learn ;
 pier or the wiser,
 or a miser ?

proprium vescor ; vernasque procaces
 pibus. prout cuique libido est,
 s calices conviva, solutus
 is : seu quis capit acria fortis
 modicis uvescit lætibus. ergo
 non de villis domibusve alienis,
 ne lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos
 escire malum est, agitamur : utrumne
 lines, an sint virtute beati :
 nicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos :
 atura boni, summumque quid ejus.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE. *Book II.*

r we ought to chuse our friends
r own worth or our own ends? 150
ood, or better, we may call,
at the very best of all?
riend Dan Prior, told (you know)
xtremely *à-propos*:
Town life, and in a trice 155
a story of two Mice.
a time (so runs the fable)
ry mouse, right hospitable,
l a town mouse at his board,
r farmer might a lord. 160

eese such as men in Suffolk make,
 ut wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
 Yet to his guest, tho' no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring. 170
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat :
 " But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene ! 175
 " For God's sake come and live with men :
 " Consider nice, like men, must die,
 " Both small and great, both you and I ;
 " Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 " (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)" 180
 The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they came, thro' thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn ;
 ('Twas on the night of a debate, 185
 When all their Lordships had sat late.)

Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
 Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
 Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
 Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso ?
 Vin' tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis ?
 Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes : terrestria quando
 Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
 Aut magno aut parvo, lethi fuga. quo, bone, circa,
 Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus :

Behold the place where if a poet
Shin'd in description he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls; 190
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors :
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red : 195
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,

Sat. VI. IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

85

Was ever such a happy swain !

He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.

205

" I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude

" To eat so much—but all's so good !

" I have a thousand thanks to give—

" My Lord alone knows how to live."

No sooner said, but from the hall

210

Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all :

" A rat, a rat ! clap to the door"—

The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's mice,

Or gods to save them in a trice !

215

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn'd stucco has no chink)

" An't please your Honour," quoth the peasant,

" This same desert is not so pleasant :

" Give me again my holly tree,

" A crust of bread and liberty !

221

Continuatque dapes ; necnon vernaliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque
Rebus agit lætum convivam : cum subito ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magisque
Exanimis trepidare, simul domos alta Molossis
Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita
Est opus hac, ait ; et valeas ; me sylva, cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

Volume III.

H

my presence, and shall bound m
 Why¹ will you break the sabbath of my
 Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
 Public too long, ah! let me hide my age
 Sec modest² Cibber now has left the stag
 Our gen'ral's now, ³ retir'd to their estates
 Hang their old trophies o'er the garden ga
 In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
 Nor⁴ fond of bleeding ev'n in Brunswick's

⁵ A voice there is, that whispers in my e
 'Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one
 ' Friend Pope! be prudent, let your⁶ M.
 ' And never gallop Pegasus to death;
 ' Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or for
 ' You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor'

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. I.

⁷ RIMA dicte mihi, summo dicende camena
 Spectatum satis. et donatum

Farewell then, verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
 What² right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is all: 20
 To lay this³ harvest up, and hoard with haste
 What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what⁴ doctors I apply?
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
 As drives the⁵ storm, at any door I knock, 25
 And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
 Sometimes a⁶ patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
 Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
 Still true to virtue,⁷ and as warm as true: 30
 Sometimes with Aristippus or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
 Back to my⁸ native moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Nunc itaque et¹ versus et cætera ludicra pono;
 Quid² verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis
 in hoc sum:

³ Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.
 Ac ne forte roges, ⁴ quo me duce, quo lare tuter:
 Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
⁵ Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
 Nunc agilis fio, et mersor⁶ civilibus undis,
 Virtutis veræ custos, ⁷ rigidusque satelles;
 Nunc in * Aristippi⁸ furtim præcepta relabor,

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. P.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

Book I—

long as to him who works for debt the day, 35
 as the night to her whose love's away,
 as the year's dull circle seems to run
 en the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
 slow² th' unprofitable moments roll,
 at lock up all the functions of my soul; 40
 at keep me from myself, and still delay
 fe's instant bus'ness to a future day;
 hat³ task which, as we follow or despise,
 he eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.
 4 Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some⁵ comfort not to be a fool.
 50 I tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
 I am a giant quite,

to ¹ go back is somewhat to advance,
 men must walk at least before they dance.
 y, does thy ² blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
 wretched av'rice, or as wretched love ?
 v there are words and spells which can controul,
 ween the fits, this fever of the soul ; [apply'd,
 v there are rhymes which, ⁴ fresh and fresh
 cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60
 irious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
 e to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
 ritz, a High-Dutch or a Low-Dutch ⁷ bear ;
 at we ask is but a patient ear.
 tis the first virtue vices to abhor, 65
 the first wisdom to be fool no more :
 o the world no ⁹ bugbear is so great
 ant of figure and a small estate.

quia desperes in victi membra Glyconis,
 sa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
 uodam prodire ¹ tenus, si non datur ultra.
 vet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus ?
 verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
 s, et ³ magnam morbi deponere partem.
 is amore tumes ? sunt ⁴ certa piacula, quæ te
 iure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
 dus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ⁶ amator ;
 o ⁷ adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
 do culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
 tus est, vitium fugere ; et sapientia prima,
 caruisse. vides, quæ ⁹ maxima credis

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

Book I.

India see the merchant fly,
 the spectre of pale Poverty ! 70
 with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 ro' the tropic, freeze beneath the pole !
 ou do nothing for a nobler end,
 g to make Philosophy thy friend ?
 p thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 ease thy heart of all that it admires ?
 Wisdom calls, ³ " Seek Virtue first, be bold !
 gold to silver virtue is to gold."

voice, ⁴ " Get money, money still !
 if she will." 80

. I. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 91

ward in ¹ spirit, sense, and truth, abounds; 85
 say then what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
 ension, or such harness for a slave [pounds;
 Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 ward, thou art a ² Cit, with all thy worth;
 at Bug and D^ol, Their Honours! and so forth.
 Yet ev'ry ³ child another song will sing, 91
 Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
 'true conscious honour is to feel no sin;
 le's arm'd without that's innocent within:
 le this thy ⁴ screen, and this thy wall of brass; 95
 Compar'd to this a minister's an ass.

⁵ And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted peers,
 Or what was spoke at ⁶ Cressy or Poitiers? 100
 ' Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
 " With praise or infamy leave that to Fate;
 " Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
 " If not, by any means get wealth and place."

Si quadringentis sex septem millia desunt;
 Est ¹ animus tibi, sunt mores, et lingua, fidesque:
 Plebs eris. ² at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
 Si recte facies. Hic ⁴ murus aheneus esto,
 Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum
 Jænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
 et maribus ⁶ Curiis, et decantata Camillis?
 tunc tibi melius suadet, qui "Rem facias, re

For what? to have a ¹ box where eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the circle eye a king.

Or ² he who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro', }
 And ³ while he bids thee sets th' example too? }

If ⁴ such a doctrine, in St. James's air, ' 110

Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;

If honest S**z take scandal at a spark

That less admires the ⁵ Palace than the Park;

Faith I shall give the answer ⁶ Reynard gave,

"I cannot like, dread Sir! your royal cave; 115

Can they direct what measures to pursue
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold : 125
 'Their ¹ country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main :
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews ;
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews ;
 Some ² with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn ; 130
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn ;
 While with the silent growth of ten *per cent.*
 In dirt and darkness ³ hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ⁴ pursues his own,
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone ; 135
 But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
 To act consistent with himself an hour.
 Sir Job ⁵ sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
 " No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
⁶ Up starts a palace ; lo, th' obedient base 140
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face. }

Pars hominum gestit ¹ conducere publica : sunt qui

² *Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,*
Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant :

³ *Multis occulto crescit res fœnore. ⁴ verum*
Esto aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri :

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes ?

⁵ *Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluceat amœnis,*
Si dixit dives ; ⁶ lacus et mare sentit amorem

Now let some whimsey, or that ¹ devil within
Which guides all those who know not what th
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen, [mea
“ Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
“ For Snug’s the word: my dear! we’ll liv
“ Town.”

At am’rous Flavio is the ² stocking thrown
That very night he longs to lie alone.
³ The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a qu
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever ⁴ Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich

I. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 95

I laugh half-beau, half sloven, if I stand,
 wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 e gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
 when ² no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd
 f so incoherent as my mind, 166
 I (each opinion with the next at strife,
 ebb and flow of follies all my life)
 unt, root up; I build, and then confound;
 round to square, and square again to round;
 I never change one muscle of your face, 171
 think this madness but a common case,
 once to chanc'ry nor to Hale apply,
 ang your lip to see a seam awry!
 ss how ill I with myself agree, 175
 to my dress, my figure, not to me.
 s my ⁷ guide, philosopher, and friend?
 he who loves me, and who ought to mend?

artatus inæquali tonsore capillos
 i; rides: si forte subucula pexæ
 subest tunicæ, vel si toga dissidet impar;
 : quid, ² mea cum pugnat sententia secum?
 petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;
 tuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto?
 ait, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
 nire putas solennia me, neque rides,
 medici credis, nec curatoris egere
 tore dati; rerum ⁷ tutela mearum
 is, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem

Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom Wisdom calls her own; 180
Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
Rich ¹ ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd ² without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home tho' exil'd; ³ free tho' in the Tow'r:
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing, 185
Just ⁴ less then Jove, and ⁵ much above a king:
Nay, half in heav'n—⁶ except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demigod. 188

HORACE BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

IMITATED.

TO MR. MURRAY.

For to admire is all the art I know
To make men happy, and to keep them so."
In truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of
speech,
(like it in the very words of Creech.)
This vault of air, this congregated ball, 5
centred sun, and stars, that run and fall,
are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies;
him commit the hour, the day, the year,
view ² this dreadful All without a fear. 10
Admire we then what ³ earth's low entrails hold,
Asian shores, or Indian seas infold;
the mad trade of ⁴ fools and slaves for gold?

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. VI.

Admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
que quæ possit facerē et servare beatum.
Non solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
spora momentis, sunt qui ² formidine nulla
uti spectent. ³ quid censes munera terræ?
In mari, extremos Arabas ⁴ ditantis et Indos?

THE fear to want them is as weak a thing .
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case believe me we admire :
Whether we ⁴ joy, or grieve, the same the cur
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus good, or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man awa;
For ⁵ virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
⁶ Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;

Ludicra quid, ² plausus, et amici dona Quiriti
Quo spectanda modo, ² quo sensu credis, et or
³ Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem .

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

99

ste to double the surprise,

30

¹ Parian charms with learned eyes;
th bright ² brocade, or Tyrian dye,
y nobles' splendid livery.

is'd, at ³ council-board rejoice

judgments hang upon thy voice;

35

to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
read more, dine late, or not at all.

re all this labour, all this strife?

or riches, for a noble wife?

hom Nature, learning, birth, conspir'd

t to admire, but be admir'd,

41

his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,

h dulness of some son of earth?

nobles, or degrades each line;

Cragg's, and may darken thine.

45

fame? the meanest have their day;

can but blaze, and pass away.

u art⁸ with all the pow'r of words,

o honour'd, at the House of Lords:

im gemmis ² Tyrios mirare colores:

spectant oculi te ³ mille loquentem:

ne forum, et vespertinus pete tectum,

menti dotalibus emetat agris

dignum, quod sit pejoribus ortus)

potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

b terra est, in apricum proferet ætas;

ætque nitentia. ⁸ cum bene notum

Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
1 Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!

2 Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward, by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.
Would ye be 3 bless'd? despise low joys, low gains
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains:

thy passion? hence! from pole to pole,
 nds can carry, or where waves can roll; 70
 a spices, for Peruvian gold,
 ie greedy, or outbid the bold;
 thy golden mountain to the skies;
 ad base of fifty thousand rise;
 ound hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 more, and bring it to a square:
 th' advantage; just so many score
 a 2 wife with half as many more,
 er beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 such 3 friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 f wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
 ill give him form, and Anstis birth.
 ne many a German prince is worse,
 ud of pedigree, is poor of purse.)
 h, brave Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 a groat, he gives a hundred pounds:

atica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
 lenta rotundentur, todidem altera; porro et
 cedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.
 uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et 3 amicos,
 et formam, regina 4 pecunia donat;
 ummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
 locuples, egit æris 5 Cappadocum rex:
 hic tu. 6 chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
 entum scenæ præbere rogatus,

Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo 12
'K---l's lewd cargo, or Ty---y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our ^a country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own 12
The cordial drop of life is Love alone,
And swift cry wisely *Vive la bagatelle!*
The man that loves, and laughs, must sure do well.
4 Adieu---if this advice appear the worst, 13
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first;

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

[Imitated in the manner of Dr. Swift.]

THIS true, my Lord, I gave my word
would be with you June the third;
hang'd it to August, and (in short)
have kept it---as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick; 5
Why not when I am splenetic?
In Town what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores? 10
And what a dust in ev'ry place!
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in Town!

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
textilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem,
quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timentem,
stæcenas, veniam; dum sicus prima calorque
designatorem decorat lictoribus atris;
dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula, pallet:
Volume III. K

... and the buttermilk together.

My Lord, your favours well I know ;
'Tis with distinction you bestow,
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
" Pray take them, Sir---enough's a feast
" Eat some, and pocket up the rest"---
What, rob your boys ? those pretty rogues
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hog
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye
Contriving never to oblige ye.

Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Adducit febres, et testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives alligat, et hyems

Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop ;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is, or shou'd
Be, mighty ready to do good ;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

35

Now this I'll say, You'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free ;
But if you'd have me always near---
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear:
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution !
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety

40

45

Ut libet : hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit :
Hæc seges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratum ;
Nec tamen ignorat quid distent æra lupinis.
Dignum præstabo me etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod si me noles usquam discedere, reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos :
Reddes dulce loqui : reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter *vina fugam Cynaræ* mœrere protervæ.
Forte per angustum tenuis vulpecula rimam

That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one,
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain. 50

A Weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft, thro' a chink,
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the house 55
('Twas not a man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, " You 'scape not so :
" " I can go you come, Sir, you must go "

Epist. VII. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 109

'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
 Who prais'd my modesty and smil'd.
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
 My bread and independency! 70
 So bought an annual rent or two,
 And liv'd---just as you see I do;
 Near fifty, and without a wife,
 I trust that sinking fund my life.
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well, 75
 Shrink back to my paternal cell;
 A little house with trees a-row,
 And, like its master, very low;
 There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80
 To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
 "Harley, the nation's great support"---
 But you may read it, I stop short. 84

Sæpe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque,
 Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens.
 Inspice si possum donata reponere lætus.
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
 Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellè Tarentum.
 Strenuus et fortis, causis que Philippus agendis
 Clarus, &c.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. I.

IMITATED.

Advertisement.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and

whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age ; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre ; and, lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste, among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors ; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained ; that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful ; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage, were owing to the ill taste of the nobility ; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state ; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character. P.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest;
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
1 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green; 40
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
2 He swears the Muses met him at The Devil.

Epist. I. IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

On ev'ry public virtue we excel ;
We build, we paint, ¹ we sing, we dance, as well ;
And ² learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Should she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If ³ time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine ? 50
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago ?
End all dispute ; and fix the year precise
When British Bards began t' immortalize ?
" Who lasts a ⁴ century can have no flaw ; 55
" I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ⁵ ancient, right, and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once
That ninety-nine a modern and a dunce ? 60
" We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;
By ⁶ courtesy of England he may do."

allimus, et ² luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.
meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit ;
velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
tor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
atque novos ? excludat jurgia finis.
tus atque probus ⁴ centum qui perficit annos.
qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno ;
uos referendus erit ? ⁵ veteresne poetas,
s et præsens et postera respiciet ætas ?
tem veteres inter ponetur ⁶ honeste,

Then by the rule that made ¹ the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt ² down Ancients like a heap of snow, 65
While you, to measure merits, look in ³ Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a ⁴ bier.

⁵ Shakespeare (whom you and ev'ry play-house bill
Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will) 70
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despight.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
⁶ The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.

all, debates where critics bear a part,
 not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
 Shakespear's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
 now Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
 now Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow; [writ;
 not, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe! 86
 these, 2 only these, support the crowded stage
 from eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
 Is this may be; 3 the people's voice is odd;
 and it is not, the voice of God. 90
 Gammer Gurton, if it give the bays,
 yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 why our fathers never broke a rule,
 then, I say, the public is a fool.
 Let them own that greater faults than we 95
 we had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
 To see himself affects the 5 obsolete,
 Sydney's verse halts ill on 6 Roman feet;

igitur 1 quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert
 vius docti famam senis, Accius alti:
 cur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro;
 ut ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
 vere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte;
 ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro
 stat Roma potens; 2 habet hos numeratque poetas
 nostrum tempus, Livi scriptoris ab ævo.
 interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.
 veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
 nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
 nimis 3, antique, si pleraque 6 dure
 e III.

Or damn all Shakespeare, like the affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he + read at school

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease ;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er)
One simile, that ⁵ solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or ⁶ lengthen'd thought, that gleams through
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
⁷ I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new

*Dicere credit eos, ¹ ignave multa fatetur ;
Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquæ*

While if our elders break all Reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

¹ On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow? 120

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which ² Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho' but perhaps a muster-roll of names)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!

You'd think ³ no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, ⁴ or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons exalts the sires.

Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci.

¹ Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ
Fabula, si dubitem; clament perisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ ² gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil ³ rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

*Jam ⁴ saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;*

Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
" All, by the King's example, liv'd and l
Then peers grew proud in ³ horsemanship
Newmarket's glory rose, as Briton's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of Fra
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
Then ⁴ marble, soften'd into life, grew w
And yielding metal flow'd to human form
Lely on ⁵ animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting so
No wonder then, when all was love and s
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Cou

On ¹ each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble, thro' an eunuch's throat.

But ² Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogatives, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause. 160

³ Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule;
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To ⁴ worship like his fathers, was his care; 165
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place on good ⁵ security his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich: 170

Nunc ¹ fîbîcinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis:

² Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut cdiò est, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.

³ Romæ dulce diu fuit et solenne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
Scriptos ⁴ nominibus rectis expendere nummos,
⁵ Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido,
Mutavit mentem populus levis, ⁵ et calet uno

NOT---SEEK ETC TELLS MORE HDS THAN 1.

When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink, to show our wit.

2 He serv'd a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop
Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop
Ev'n 3 Radcliff's doctors travel first to France
Nor dare to practice till they've learn'd to dance
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But 4 those who cannot write, and those who
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, 5 reflect; the mischief is not great
These madmen never hurt the church, or state

Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
 And rarely ¹ av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his ² plaything of a pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men :
³ Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind, 95
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
 To ⁴ cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter ;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre ;
 Enjoys his garden, and his book in quiet ;
 And then---a perfect hermit in his ⁵ diet. 200

Of little use the man you may suppose
 Who says in verse what others say in prose ;
 Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
 And (⁶ tho' no soldier) useful to the state.
⁷ What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue ?
 What's long, or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace ?
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some monster of a king ; 210

Virtutes habeat, sic collige : vatis ¹ avarus [unum ;
 Non temere est animus : ² versus amat, hoc studet
 Detrimenta, ³ fugas servorum, incendia ridet ;
 Non ⁵ fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
 Pupillo ; vivit siliquis, et pane secundo⁵ ;
 Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi ;
 Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,
⁶ Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat ;
 Torquet ⁷ ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem ;

Or virtue, or religion, turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!---In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly strains) 215
No whiter page than Addison remains:
He ' from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell how Wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supply'd her laws,

Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work, 235
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down 1 Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain ;
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
 And 2 heav'n is won by violence of song. 240

3 Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour, when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain :
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants, share,
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care : 246
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul :
 With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
 And 4 taunts alternate innocently flew. 250

*Poscit opem chorus, et presentia numina sentit ;
 Coelestes implorat aquas docta prece blandus ;
 Avertit morbos, 1 metuenda pericula pellit ;
 Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.*

1 Carmine Di superi placantur, carmine Manes.

3 *Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit ;*

At length by wholesome ² dread of statutes bound,
 The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to ³ Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nic
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice. . . 21
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit;
 And heals, with morals, what it hurts with wit. . . 22
⁴ We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charm
 Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, . . . 23
 Wit grew polite, and ⁵ numbers learn'd to flow. . . 24

Libertasque cunctantes accepta per annos . . . 19
 Lusit amabiliter: donec jam servus apertam . . . 20
 In rabiem verti coepit jocus, et per huiusmodi
 Ire domos impune minax. dolere cruento

at Dryden taught to join
 full-resounding line,
 and energy divine;
 f our² rustic vein, 275
 remain'd, and will remain.
 ness grew our care,
 2 breath'd from Civil war.
 orneille's noble fire
 e had something to admire. 275
 pirit was our own,
 eare, fair, in Otway, shone;
 polish, or refine,
 eare scarce effac'd a line.
 n wanted, or forgot, 280
 est art, the art to blot.
 ual pains, or equal fire,
 e of Comedy require.
 es of life I guess
 as th' indulgence less. 285

ue manent, † vestigia ruris.
 admovit acumina chartis;
 illa, quietus quarere cœpit,
 Thespis, et Æschylus, utile ferrent:
 m si digne vertere posset;
 ura sublimis, et acer:
 um satis, et feliciter audet;
 inscite, metuit,que lituram.
 dio quia res arcessit, habere
 sed habet comœdia tanto

And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinkey, ⁴ eat with vast appl:
 But fill their ⁵ purse, our Poet's work is do
 Alike to them by Pathos, or by Pun.
 O you! whom ⁵ vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of prai:
 With what a shifting gale your course you
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose.
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrow
⁷ Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the p
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. ¹ aspice,
 Quo pacto ² partes tuetur amantis enhebi

Epist. i. **IMITATIONS OF HORACE:** 129

1 There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit; 305
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, 2 to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, 3 the Bear, or the Black-Joke.
What dear delights o Britons farce affords! 310
Ever the taste of mobs, but now 4 of lords!
(Taste! that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still; damn action, and discourse;
Back fly the scenes; and enter foot 5 and horse; 315
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn;
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

1 Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc torretque poetam;
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, et 2 depugnare parati,
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut 3 ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum 5 equitis quæque jam inigravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt 5 equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ:
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,
Esseda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

Volume III.

M

With ¹ laughter sure Democritus had dy'd 320
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide,
Let bear, or ² elephant, be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless ³ Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear, or elephant, shall heed thee more; 325
While all its ⁴ throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves on ⁵ Orcas' stormy steep
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's ⁶ petticoat;

“ What shook the stage, and made the people stare ? ”

¹ Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacker'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340
To know the poet from the man of rhymes.

'Tis he ² who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart; 345
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

³ But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favour of the great.
Think of these authors, Sir, who would rely 350
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring ?
How shall we fill ⁴ a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355

¹ Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne ;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, ² meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

³ Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam redde brevem ; si munus Apolline dignum

To sing, or cease to sing,
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience just like other men.
 Then, too, we hurt ourselves when, to defend
 A³ single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
 Repeat, ⁴unmask'd; lament the ⁵wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line;
 But most when, straining with too weak a win
 We needs will write epistles to the King;
 And ⁶from the moment we oblige the Town,
 Expect a place, or pension, from the Crown;
 Or, dubb'd Historians, by express command,
 T' enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land

*Vis complere libris, et vatibus addere calcar
 Et maiore petant Feficonæ virentem.*

L. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 133

I'd to Court to plan some work divine,
 for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375
 I think, great sir (so many virtues shown)
 think what poet best may make them known;
 choose at least some minister of grace,
 bestow the ²Laureat's weighty place.
 Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 I'd his figure to Bernini's care;
 great ⁴Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed,
 him graceful on the bounding steed;
 all in paint and stone they judg'd of merit.
 Kings in wit may want discerning spirit: 385
 Hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 nighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;

men est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales
 hos habeat belli spectata domique
 , ²indigno non committenda poetæ.
 is Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 lus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
 it acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 luti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 enta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo
 lida facta linunt. idem rex ille poema
 m ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 vetuit, ne quis se, præter Apellem,
 et, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
⁴Alexandri vultum simulantia: quod si
 am subtile videndis artibus illud
 os, et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,

(In poison averted,

Oh! could I mount on the Maonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose, to sing
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fi
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bou
How⁵ barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd, while they dropp'd the
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and de
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world i
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne---

¹ Bæotum in crasso jurares æere natum.

[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tuleru
--- Variusque poetæ;]

Epist. I. IMITATIONS OF HORACE, 135

But¹ verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains. 405
The zeal of ²fools offends at any time,
And, most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say ³I bite.
A vile ⁴encomium doubly ridicules: 410
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a swoeful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise."
Well may he ⁶blush who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
(Like ⁷journals, odes, and such forgotten things,
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho. 419

Si, quantum cuperem, possem quoque; sed neque par-
1 Carmen majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet [vum
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas autem. ²stulte, quem diligit, urget;
Præcipue cum se numeris commendat et arte.
Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis ³deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
Nil moror ⁴officium quod me gravat; ac neque ficto
In ⁵pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
Ne ⁶grubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
Cum ⁷scriptore meo, capsâ porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

HORACE, BOOK II. EPIST. II.

IMITATED.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend !
You love a verse ; take such as I can send.

" A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins---" This lad, sir, is of Blois :

" Observe his shape how clean ! his locks how curl'd !

" My only son, I'd have him see the world :

" His French is pure ; his voice too---you shall hear :

" Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a-year.

" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

" Your barber, cook, upholst'rer ; what you please

" A perfect genius at an op'ra song---

" To say too much might do my honour wrong.

" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
 " His whole ambition was to serve a lord.
 " But, sir, to you with what would I not part? 15
 " Tho' faith, I fear't will break his mother's heart.
 " Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 " And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
 " The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 " (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20
 " If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away, 25
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.
 " Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you, when I went, I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent? 30

Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
 Res urget me nulla:---semel hic cessavit; et (ut fit)
 In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.
 Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædat."
 e ferat pretium, pœnæ securus, opinor.
 dens emisti vitiosum; dicta tibi est lex;
 queris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua?
 Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi; dixi
 us officiis prope mancum: ne mea sævus
 es ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
 m profeci, mecum facientia jura

Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time !

D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In Anna's wars, a soldier, poor, and old,

Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold ;

Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night 35

He slept, (poor dog !) and lost it to a dolt.

This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,

Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,

Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall, 40

Tore down a standard, took the fort and all,

" " Prodigious well ! " his great commander cry'd,

" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."

Don't you remember what reply he gave ?

" D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral ! such a sot ? 50

" Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

¹Bred up at home, full early I begun

To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son ;

Besides, my father taught me from a lad,

The better art, to know the good from bad ; 55

(And little sure imported to remove,

To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

But knottier points we knew not half so well,

Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell ;

And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60

Deny'd all posts of profit, or of trust ;

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,

While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.

Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem.

" I bone, quo virtus tua te vocat ; i pede fausto ;

Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. quid stas ?"

Post hæc illè catus, quantumvis rusticus, " Ibit,

" Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit," inquit.

²Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,

Iratu Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.

Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ :

Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,

Atque inter silvas academi quærere verum.

Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato ;

Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,

Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.

Sure I should want the care of thee,
If I would scribble rather than repose.

¹Years foll'wing years steal something every
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one, our frolics, one, amusements end,
In one, a mistress drops, in one, a friend.
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still

²But, after all, what would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?

Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habe
Cum poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicuta

When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg : 85
 Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests !
 But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme, can London be the place ?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul, attends, 90
 In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and
 My counsel sends to execute a deed ; [friends ?
 A poet begs me I will hear him read.
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there---
 At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsb'ry-square--- 95
 Before the Lords, at twelve, my cause comes on---
 There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.---

*Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro:
 Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
 Quid dem ? quid non dem ? renuis tu, quod jubet alter ;
 Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.*

*Præter cætera, me Romæ ne poemata censes
 Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores ?
 Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
 Omnibus officiis : cubat hic in colle Quirini ;
 Hic extremo in Aventino ; visendus uterque.
 Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
 " Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstat."
 Festinat calidus mulis ærulisque redemptor :*

“ Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,
“ And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”
Not quite so well, however, as one ought; 100
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass? 105
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own s-r-v--nce in a car?
‘Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd
Sing thy sonorous verse---but not aloud.

Epist. II. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 143

See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun! 119

The boys flock round him, and the people stare :
So stiff, so mute ! some statue you would swear
Stept from his pedestal to take the air !
And here, while Town, and Court, and City, roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors,
Shall I in London act this idle part, 125
Composing songs for fools to get by heart ?

1 The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law ;
With equal talents these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls ;
Each had a gravity would make you split, 131
And shook his head at Murray as a wit. [quence,"
" 'Twas, sir, your law"---and, " sir, your elo-
" Your's Cowper's manner---and your's Talbot's

2 Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, [sense."
Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit. 136

Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit : hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus Urbis,
Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner ?

1 Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor, ut alter
Alterius sermone meros adiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.
Qui minus argutus vexat furor iste poetas ?
Carmina compono, hic elegos, mirabile visu,

Call Tibbald Shakespears, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's cave, to see
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me. 140
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
" My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
" Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you ;
" Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains; 145
" And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming, race ;

1 In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject :
 They treat themselves with most profound respect.
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each prais'd within is happy all day long.
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men, who write such verse as we can read ?
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
 That wants of force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay, tho' at court (perhaps) it may find grace :
 Such they'll degrade ; and, sometimes in its stead,
 2 In downright charity revive the dead ;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years ;
 Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
 Words that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh, spake ;

Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

1 Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina ; verum
 Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,
 Si taceas, laudant quidquid scripsere, beati.
 At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
 Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti ;
 Audebit quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,
 Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna feruntur,
 Verba movere loco ; quamvis invita recedant,
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ ;
 2 Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
 Quæ pri cis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,

Or bid the new be English ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line; 175
Then polish all with so much life and ease
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please :
“ But ease in writing flows from art, not chance,
“ As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.”
 ¹ If such the plague, and pains, to write by rule, 180
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease;
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;

Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate;
 In all but this a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
 Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him the damn'd doctors, and his friends, immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they
 Whereat the gentleman began to stare--- [cur'd:
 " My friends ! (he cry'd) p-x take you for your care !
 That from a patriot of distinguish'd note 196
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote."

1 Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate !
 Wisdom (curse on it !) will come soon, or late.
 There is a time when poets will grow dull ; 200
 I'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school :

In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro ;
 Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
 More ; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Cômîs in uxorem, possêt qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ ;
 Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
 Hic ubi, cognatorum opibus curisque reffectus,
 Expulit ellebore morbum bilemque meraco,
 Et redit ad sese : Pol me occidistis, amici,
 Non servastis, ait ; cui, sic extorta voluptas,
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

1 Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
 Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum ;

My mind resumed—

Thoughts, which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
Meet, and rejoin me, in the pensive grot:
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:

² If, when the more you drink the more you care
You tell the doctor; when the more you have
The more you want, why not, with equal ease
Confess as well your folly as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
“Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.”
 ³ When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,

¹ *Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latin
Sed veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ
Quæcumque mecum loquor hæc, tacitusque recor*

Look in that breast, most dirty Dean! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to church, to hear these flatt'ers preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow, or wit, or merit,
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

1 If there be truth in law, and use can give 230
 A property, that's yours on which you live.
 Delightful Abs-court, if its field afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
 All 2 Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
 His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own: 235
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit:

Rem Di donarent, illi decedere pravam
 Stultitiam; et cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
 Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iisdem?
 At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
 Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
 Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

1 Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatur et ære
 Quædam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus;
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est, et villicus Orbi,
 Cum segetes occat, tibi mox frumenta daturus,
 Te dominum sentit.

2 das nummos, accipis uvam,
 Pullos, ova, cadum tementi: nempe modo isto

Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are wights who fondly call their
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln
The laws of God, as well of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand :
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their
Man ? and for ever ? wretch ! what woudst
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions, (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Ch

*Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis
Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emi*

Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
 Let rising granaries and temples, here,
 There, mingled farms and pyramids, appear;
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak; 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls; 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer, fall.

¹ Gold, silver, iv'ry vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265
 There are who have not---and, thank Heav'n, there are
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

² Talk what you will of taste, my friend! you'll find
 Two of a face as soon as of a mind.
 Why of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
 The other slights for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:

Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et hæres
 Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam,
 Quid vici prosunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
 Saltibus adjecti Lucani, si metit Orcus
 Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

¹ Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
 Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas,
 Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curet habere.

² Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ungi

*Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
 Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab orto*

Why one, like Bu---, with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on in court, and parliament; 275

✓ One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
/ Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;—

Is known alone to that directing pow'r
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280

Inclines our action, not constrains our will.

Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great end the same.

‘ Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep. 285

Epist. II. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. 153

Glad like a boy to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away. 295

¹ What is 't to me (a passenger, God wot)
Whether my vessel be first rate, or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less, nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

² " But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone. 305
But does no other lord it, at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?

*Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumptum
Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.*

¹ *Pauperies immunda domus procul absit. ego, utrum
Nave ferar magna an parva, ferar unus et idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo;
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris.
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.*

² *Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani*
Volume III. O

And count each birth-day with a grateful mind
Has life no sourness drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend! your bus'ness
When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?

' Learn to live well, or fairly make your w
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the st
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

Ambitione ? caret mortis formidine et ira ?

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN new tumults in my breast ?
O spare me, Venus ! let me, let me rest !
I am not now, alas ! the man
In the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
I sound no more thy soft alarms, 5
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Nor other too fierce of dear desires !
Turn, turn, to willing hearts your wanton fires ;
No number five direct your doves,
Here spread round Murray, all your blooming loves ;

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

PERMISSA Venus diu,
Quis bella moves ? parce, precor, precor.
Ego sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ. desine, dulcium
Est tibi sæva Cupidinum,
Ne lustra decem flectere mollibus
Est tibi durum imperiis. abi
Blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

O ij

Shall stretch thy conquests over half th
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend th
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life, and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary æ

Tempestivus in domo
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Commessabere Maximi,

<i>Ode I.</i>	IMITATIONS OF HORACE.	157
Thither the silver-sounding lyres		25
Shall call the smiling Loves and young Desires ;		
There ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,		
Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;		
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,		
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.		30
With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ;		
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.		
Adieu ! fond hope of mutual fire,		
The still-believing, still renew'd desire !		
Adieu ! the heart-expanding bowl,		35
And all the kind deceivers of the soul !		
But why ? ah ! tell me, ah ! too dear !		
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear ?		

Illic plurima naribus
 Duces thura ; lyræ et Berecynthiæ
 Delectabere tibiæ
 Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula.
 Illic bis pueri die
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
 Me nec fœmina, nec puer
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
 Nec certare juvat mero,
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee? 40
Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow thro' th' extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah, cruel!) from my arms!
And swiftly shoot along the Mall, 45
Or softly glide by the Canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away. 48

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;
Tho' daring Milton sits sublime 5
In Spencer native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay---
Sages and Chiefs long since had birth;
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd; 10

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE IX.

Ne forte credas interitura, quæ
Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis.
Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Cæque, et Alcæi minaces,
Stesichorique graves Camænæ;
Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AND OTHER PIECES OF MUSIC.

[Written in the year 1708.]

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain, 5
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more length'd notes and slow, 10
The deep, majestic, solemn, organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies. 15
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away. 20
In a dying, dying, fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies; 25
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head, 30
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts! 55
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans, 60
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But, hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
 And, see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire !
 See ! shady forms advance ! 65
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance ;
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 71
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel, 75
 Or amaranthine bow'rs ;

He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's pray'r ;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eye
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the Fatal Sisters move
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love
Now under hanging mountains

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

165

And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost ! 105
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; 110
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries---
 Ah see, he dies !
 Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;
 Eurydice the woods, 115
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains, rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease, 120
 And make despair and madness please ;
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n:
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lifts the soul to heav'n

#34

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about Twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

TAL spark of heav'nly flame !
t, oh quit, this mortal frame !
mbling, hoping, ling'ring, flying ;
the pain, the bliss of dying !
se, fond Nature ! cease thy strife, 5
I let me languish into life.

II.

k ! they whisper ; angels say,
ster Spirit, come away.
at is this absorbs me quite !
als my senses, shuts my sight, 10
wns my spirits, draws my breath ?
I me, my Soul ! can this be Death ?

III.

world recedes ; it disappears !
iv'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
th sounds seraphic ring :
d, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
rave ! where is thy victory ?
eath ! where is thy sting ? 15

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis facto, et euntes
Melius?

SATIRE II.

Yes, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too;
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors,
As who knows Sappho smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in

Catch'd, like the plague, or love, the Lord knows
how,

But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10

Yet like the Papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:

The thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15

So prompts, and saves, a rogue who cannot read.

Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,

The gilded puppets dance, and mount above,

Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow;

Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;

No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

Tho', like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,

Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove

Never till it be starv'd out; yet their state

Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate:

One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,

Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,

And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,

(Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.

As in some organs puppet's dance above,

And bellows pant below which them do move,

One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.

In love's, in Nature's, spite the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat: 2

Those write, because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched, indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on other's wit: 3

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;

His rank digestion makes it wit no more:

Sense pass'd thro' him no longer is the same;

Sat. II. SATIRES OF DR. DONNE VERSIFIED. 171

Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears. 40
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell,
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence, 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, [dence:
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50
No young divine, new benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive, than he.

T'out-drink the sea, t'out-swear the Litany,
Who with sins of all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell,
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus only breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on must make a calf, an ox)
Hath made a lawyer, which, (alas!) of late,
But scarce a poet, jollier of this state
Than are new-benefic'd ministers: he throws,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, whereso'er he goes,

What further could I wish the fop to do
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year.*
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Calls himself barrister to ev'ry wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Curs'd be the wretch, so venal, and so vain,

Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there. 70

His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets, thro' rain, or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75

Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to ev'ry lord, in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite---or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly** 80

Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings, and in pence, at first they deal,
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand:

Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lie in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king:
Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless far
Than carted whores, lee to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand;

And when rank windows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Janssen punts at White's,
Or city-heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that;
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law;
Indentures, cov'nants, articles, they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
Than Civil codes, with all their glosses, are,
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.

No commentator can more slily pass
 O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;
 Or in quotation shrewd divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song?
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r the Pow'r and Glory clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground? 110
 We see no new built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the Vestal fire.

Where are those troops of poor that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?
 Well, I could wish that still, in lordly domes, 115
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;

When Luther was profest, he did desire
 Short Pater-nosters, saying as a fryer,
 Each day his beads; but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r the Power and Glory clause)
 But when he sells, or changes land, h' impairs
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses beires*,
 And slily, as any commentor, goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or in divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 doubt.

[tofore

Where are those spread woods which cloth'd here-
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door

That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121
But, oh! these works are not in fashion now :
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense, 122
Nor sly informer watch, these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law. 128

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace---at least beyond the grave. 1
 I've had my purgatory here betimes, 5
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
 The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
 With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd; 10
 I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
 Had no new verses, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court!--the devil would have it so.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive and die. My sin
 Indeed is great; but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.
 My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
 Poison'd with love to see, or to be seen.
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to court: but as Glare which did go

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,

To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred marks, which is the statute's curse
Before he 'scap'd; so 't pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in court. for once going that way

Or Sloane, or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign. 31

The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon :
One whom the mob, when next we find, or make,
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take ; 35
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, ' By your priesthood, tell me what you are !'

Such was the wight : the apparel on his back,
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend ; and tho' bare was black :
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd ;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd !
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

Stranger than strangers ; one, who for a Dane,
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by ;
One, t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
' Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are !'
His cloaths were strange, tho' coarse, and black, tho'
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been [bare ;
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tuff-taffety ; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.

The Doctor's wormwood style, the rash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs ;
The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar :
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil :
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

The thing hath travell'd, and, faith, speaks all-tongue
And only knoweth what to all states belongs;
Made of the accents, and best phrase of all these
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste ;
But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw

He spies me out; I whisper, gracious God!
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
 That all the shot of Dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65
 Permit, he cries, no stranger to your fame,
 To crave your sentiment, if ----- 's your name.
 What speech esteem you most? The King's, said I;
 But the best words?---O, Sir, the Dictionary.
 You miss my aim; I mean the most acute, 70
 And perfect speaker?---Onslow, past dispute.
 But, Sir, of writers? Swift for closer style,
 But Hoadly for a period of a mile.
 Why, yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75
 Nay, troth th' Apostles, (tho', perhaps, too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough;
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm 'twas travel made them what they were.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God!
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
 This fellow, chuseth me? He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
 For the best linguist? and I sillily
 Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
 Nay, but of men most sweet Sir? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two rev'rend men
 Of our two academies, I nam'd. Here
 He stopp'd me, and said; Nay, your Apostles were
 Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass

Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made
Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
Spirits like you should see, and should be seen;
The King would smile on you---at least the Queen
Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us---
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :
And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way.
Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it; and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say if you had liv'd Sir

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies ;
Oh 'tis 'he sweetest of all earthly things 100
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings !
Then happy man who shows the tombs ! said I,
He dwells amidst the royal family ;
He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards' talk, 105
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living---ease, and bread.
Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic ! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase---your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen ! Mine, d'ye mean ?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111

He, like to a high-stretch'd lute-string squeaks, O, Sir !
'Tis sweet to talk of kings ! at Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk ;
Your ears shall hear nought but kings ; your eyes meet
Kings only ; the way to it is Kings'-street.
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic
coarse,
Soare all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat ? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir ; look, he follows me.

Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke:
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore,
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, what news? I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still, with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.

Certes, they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am
Your only wearing is your grogram.
Not so, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him: but as itch

Sat. IV. SATIRES OF DR. DONNE VERSIFIED. 185

Mere household trash ! of birthnights, balls, and shows
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows. 131
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows, and
A subtle minister may make of that; [what
Who sins with whom; who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug; 135
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop, or a whore;
Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government;
Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure, 140
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor;
Who makes a trust of charity a job;
And gets an act of parliament to rob;
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town: 145
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll:

More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash he knows: he knows
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd; and he knows
A subtle statesman may gather of that; [what
He knows who loves whom, and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
Who wastes in meat, in cloaths, in horse, he notes;
Who loves whores.....
He knows who 'ath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come
In sure succession to the day of doom;

Toll to some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloy's me. I belch, spue, spit
Look pale, and sickly, like a patient; yet
He thrusts on more; and as he 'ad undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states, and deeds, that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amiens

Act IV. SATIRIS OF MR. ROBERT VERMISTED, 167

He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port. 165
Not more amaz'd seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall enchain'd into beasts;
Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half-turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
As in the pox some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.

He names the price for ev'ry office paid;
He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
That offices are in tail; and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards share and Dunkirkers.
I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found,
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free: therefore I did show

When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart ; and still afraid to see
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than
Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail

All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefather's sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear ; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come : he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me---? I said, y
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Than

Sat. IV. SATIRES OF DR. DONNE VERSIFIED. 185

Bear me, some God! oh! quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense; 185
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me. 195
Shall I, the terror of this sinful Town
Care if a liv'ry'd lord, or smile, or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
For huffing, braggart, puff, nobility?

At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at Court to mourn; and a trance,
Like his who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at Court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser; then
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born, or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and, my mistress Truth! betray thee
For th' huffing, braggart, puff, nobility?

—ing all come here on their backs;
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings
See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing room;

No, no; thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun! in all thy journey, vanity
Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things which --

In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 That's velvet for a king! the flatt'rer swears;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools'-coats, and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
 For these are actors too as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
 Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!

In the presence, and I, (God pardon me!)
 As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
 The fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hose are, cry the flatt'ers; and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
 At stage as courts. All are players; whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
 The ladies come. As pirates, which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with cochineal,
 The men board them, and praise (as they think) well
 Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought:
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought.

R ij

'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen
 To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin :
 The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
 Of all beau-kind the best-proportion'd fools !
 Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;
 But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime-----a hole?

This cause, these men, men's wit for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarleta dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net :
 She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
 Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe himself at door refine

Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head?
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes, 250
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest. 255
Peace, fools! or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!
Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.

Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waist to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition;
And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying our Lady's psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague: they merit it.

But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries---arm! whose very look's an oath. 261
The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring-rams, beats open ev'ry door; 265
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapersiry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like Law.

Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy. 279

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine :
Charge them with Heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine !
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure :
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears. 285
Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ. 278

Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queen's man, and fine
Living barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spied spy. Preachers ! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place ; but as for me,
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away. Altho' I yet
(With Maccabee's modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

And when it comes, the Court see nothing in
You grow correct, that once with rapture w:
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.

Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel---

Why now, this moment, don't I see you ste
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before y:
Said " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs
And taught his Romans, in much better me
" To laugh at fools who put their trust in I

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice,
Bubo observes---he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy sery'd the Crow
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In rev'rend bishops note some small neglec
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the K

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

197

Is the glory? 'twill be only thought 25
Men never offer'd you a groat.

Robert---

Or Robert!---hum---

Laugh---for all my life to come?

Have; but in his happier hour
Easure, ill-exchang'd for power; 30

Uncumber'd with a venal tribe,

Out art, and win without a bribe.

Oblige me? let me only find,

Think me what he thinks mankind.

He, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35

Difference is---I dare laugh out.

Yes: with Scripture still you may be free;

Laugh, if you please, at honesty;

Wekyll, or some odd old Whig,

Exchang'd his principle or wig. 40

A fool in ev'ry age,

Lord chamberlains allow the stage:

Laughing hurts; they keep their fashion still,

Their strange old virtue as they will.

Ask you, "Who's the man so near 45

That writes in verse, and has his ear?"

Answer, Lyttleton, and I'll engage

That youth shall ne'er be in a rage;

His verses vile, his whisper base,

Quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50

Volsey, hurt not honest Fleury,

May put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more. 5
To vice and folly to confine the jest
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue, balance all agen. 6
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!

---Satire is no more---I feel it die---
 Gazetteer more innocent than I---
 And let, a God's name! ev'ry fool and knave 85
 grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.
 F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
 you still may lash the greatest---in disgrace:
 or merit will by turns forsake them all;
 could you know when? exactly when they fall.
 It let all satire in all changes spare
 mortal S---k, and grave De---re.
 Sent and soft, as saints remov'd to heav'n,
 Ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing 95
 receive, and place for ever near a king!
 Here, where no passion, pride, or shame, transport;
 All'd with the sweet repentance of a court,
 Here, where no father's, brother's, friend's, disgrace
 can break their rest, or stir them from their place;
 Past the sense of human miseries, 101
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Nor when they lose a question, or a job. [glory,
 2. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their
 Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory, 106
 And when three sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex'd,
 Considering what a gracious prince was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 Pride in slaves, and avarice in kings? 110
 And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?

Be bridg'd as often,

Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will ?

It is for Bond or Peter (paltry things)

To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the

And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!

But shall a printer, weary of his life,

Learn from their books to hang himself a

This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not

Vice thus abus'd, demands a nation's care

This calls the church to deprecate our sin

And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel

Ten metropolitans in preaching well;

A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,

.. 112

But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore ;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more :
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess, 145
Chaste ma'rons praise her, and grave bishops bless ;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And her's the gospel is, and her's the laws ;
Mounts the tribunál, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
Lo ! at the wheels of her triumphal car
Old England's Genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust ! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground !
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold, 155
Before her dance ; behind her crawl the old !
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son !
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the shame. 160
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more !
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves !
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves !
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore :
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law :
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry---
" Nothing is sacred now but villany." 170

Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line
In rev'rence to the sons of Thirty-nine?
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dic-
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one religion all!
Ye Tradesmen, vile in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, w!

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd: the Town's inquiring me

't would please you if I knew with what;
 which knave is lawful game, which not? 27
 eat offenders, once escap'd the Gown,
 'al harts, be never more ruh down?
 'our law to spare the knight requires, 30
 's of nature may we hunt the squires?
 I censure---you know what I mean---
 a Bishop may I name a Dean?
 dean, Sir? no: his fortune is not made;
 't a man that's rising in the trade. 35
 not the tradesman who set up to-day,
 ss the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
 Down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
 no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
 court or country's made a job, 40
 ch a pickpocket, and join the mob.
 'ir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
 tter's weighty, pray consider twice:
 u less pity for the needy cheat,
 r and friendless villain, than the great? 45
 e small discredit of a bribe
 urts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
 tter sure it charity becomes
 irectors, who (thank God!) have plums;
 ter ministers, or if the thing 50
 ch ev'n there---Why, lay it on a king.
 op! stop!
 ast Satire then nor rise nor fall?
 ut, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow. 55

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago;
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad: 60
Else might he take to virtue some years hence---

P. As S---k, if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange spleen to S---k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows, I praise a courtier where I can. 65
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,

w pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
 v shin'd the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tow'r!
 n can I Pult'ney, Chesterfield, forget, 86
 hile Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit!
 gyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
 nd shake alike the senate and the field:
 r Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
 The master of our passions and his own. 90
 Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
 Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their
 And if yet higher the proud list should end, [train;
 Still let me say, no foll'wer, but a friend. 95
 Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;
 I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise:
 Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare) 100
 Dis'd with the Man of Ross, or my Lord May'r.
 Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
 Have still a secret bias to a knave:
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
 P. Then why so few commended? 106
 P. Not so fierce;
 Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
 But random praise---the task can ne'er be done;
 Each mother asks it for her booby son, 110
 Each widow asks it for the best of men,
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.

What Raphael wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in
No pow'r the Muse's friend-ship can command;
No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line;

O let my country's friends illumine mine!

---What are you thinking? F. Faith, the thought
I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in; Sir, they go out,
The way they take it strangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? come then, I'll comply---
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I live.

Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
And Lottleton a dark, designing knave.

What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant pretend 145
To break my windows, if I treat a friend;
Then wisely plead to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools; 150
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said,
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave, 155
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave,
The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest;
Which not at present having time to do--- 159

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake; where's th' affront to
Against your Worship when had S---k writ? [you?
Or P---ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
(In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend)
To W---le guilty of some venial sin, 165
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest whose flattery bedropp'd the crown
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florrid youth offend, 169
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole II. use did afterwards the same.

The blessed benefit, not there contin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind
From tail to mouth, they feed and they car
The last full fairly gives it to the House.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
Quite turns my stomach---P. So does flatt'
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further---Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own
Must never patriot then declaim at gin
---A good man! he has been fairly in?

s a foe profess'd to false pretence,
link a coxcomb's honour like his sense; 205
s a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
ine as man, who feel for all mankind.
'ou're strangely proud.
proud, I am no slave;
udent, I own myself no knave; 210
my country's ruin makes me grave.
am proud : I must be proud to see
ot afraid of God, afraid of me ;
om the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
ich'd and sham'd by ridicule alone. 215
red weapon ! left for truth's defence,
ead of folly, vice, and insolence !
out heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
use may give thee, but the gods must guide :
at I touch thee ! but with honest zeal, 220
se the watchman of the public weal,
ue's work provoke the tardy hall,
ad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
el insects ! whom a court maintains,
unts your beauties only by your stains, 225
l your cobwebs o'er the eye of day,
use's wing shall brush you all away :
Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
t makes saints of queens, and gods of kings ;
but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
e last Gazette, or the last Address. 231
n black Ambition stains a public cause,
rch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,

Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star. 235

Not so when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die; [shrine,
And opes the temple of Eternity.

There other trophies deck the truly brave 240

Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;

Far other stars then * and ** wear,

And may descend to Mordington from Stair;

(Such as on Hough's unsully'd mitre shine, 244

Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine.)

Let Envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings.

And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;

Let Flatt'ry, sick'ning, see the incense rise,

Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:

Truth guards the great, sanctifies the king.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

*To Robert, Earl of Oxford, and Lord Mortimer.**

SUCH were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung
Till death, untimely, stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain! 5
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear---in vain!

For him thou oft' hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great; 10
Dext'rous the craving, fawning, crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford ere was great;
Or deeming meanest, what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20

And sure if aught below the seats divine,
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine;

*Sent to the Earl of Oxford, with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our author after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath, 2
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to desarts thy retreat is made,
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 3
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.

All this thou wert; and being this before,
 Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways, 10
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed---a minister, but still a man.
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any friend, not e'en of me: 15
 The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
 If not, 'tis I ~~must~~ be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE III.

*To Mr. Jervas, with Mr. Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's
 Art of Painting.**

THIS verse be thine, my Friend! nor thou refuse
 This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
 Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
 And from the canvas call the mimic face:
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
 Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire;
 And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name; 10
 Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;

*This Epistle, and the two following, were written
 some years before the rest, and originally printed in
Volume III.

T

How oft' review, each finding, like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy
Rome's pompous glories rising to our view
Together o'er the Alps, methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I move
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade.

While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view
And builds imaginary Rome a-new:

Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye
And fading fresco here demands a sigh:

Each heav'nly piece, unweary'd, we come
To Raphael's grace with thy lov'd G

Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
 Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45
 An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrow shed,
 Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
 Call round her tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire; 50
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage, 55
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
 Beauty, frail flower! that ev'ry season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
 And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes; 60
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh! lasting as those colours may they shine!
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
 New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
 Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains:
 The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
 Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;

EPISTLE IV.

To Miss Blount, with the works of Voiture,

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces
 And all the writer lives in ev'ry line ;
 His easy art may happy nature seem ;
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
 Who, without flatt'ry, pleas'd the fair and g
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well
 His heart, his mistress and his friend did sha
 His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious comedy;
 In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach:
 Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
 And more diverting still than regular;
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
 Tho' not too strictly bound to time and place.
 Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please;
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to womankind;
 Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
 By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame, 35
 Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
 Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
 But sets up one, a greater, in his place:
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst;
 But the last tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
 Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,
 Or bound in formal or in real chains:
 Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
 The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
 Ah! quit not the free innocence of life, 45
 For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
 Nor let false shews, nor empty titles please:
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares. 50

She sighs, and is no more.

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charm
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms;
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay;
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * Voiture's early care still shone the
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name
And this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they
and their flames

EPISTLE V.

To the same, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation,
1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever;
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent;
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went. 10

She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs, three hours a-day;
To part her time, 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with a spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in sack;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries---no words!

EPISTLES.

his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
yes you best of all things---but his horse. 30
me fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
live thought recall the fancy'd scene,
ronations rise on ev'ry green:
you pass th' imaginary sights 35
s, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes,
live one flirt, and all the vision flies.

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth, 5
Vile reptile, weak, and vain !
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
E'er since our grandame's evil ; 10
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we bookworms name,
The blockhead is a slow-worm ;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame, 15
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day ;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay. 20

The flatterer an ear-wig grows :
Thus worms suit all conditions ;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen 25
By all their winding play :
Their conscience is a worm within
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void,
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!

EPISTLES.

223

Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;
 Till death, unfelt, that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
 And wake to raptures in a life to come. 20

EPISTLE VIII.

To Mr. Thomas Southern, on his birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
 With not one sin but poetry.
 This day Tom's fair account has run
 (Without a blot) to eighty-one.
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays 5
 A table, with a cloth of bays ;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast his tow'ring genius marks
 In yonder wild-geese, and the larks ! 10
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden !
 And for his judgment, lo, a pudding !
 Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,
 And grace, altho' a bard, devout.
 May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise 15
 The price of prologues and of plays,
 Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner ;
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach. 20

MISCELLANIES.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET.

CARDELIA.

THE Basset-table spread, the tallier come,
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph! the tallier waits for you.

SMIL. Ah, Madam! since my Sharper is untrue,

Dear Betty shall th' important point decide ;
 Betty ! who oft' the pain of each has try'd !
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25
 By cards, ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOV. Tell, tell your griefs, attentive will I stay,
 Tho' time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARD. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
 With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought. 30
 See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid strive,
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.
 Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face ;
 A myrtle foilage round the thimble-case.
 Jove, Jove himself does on the scissors shine, 35
 The metal and the workmanship, divine ;

SMIL. This snuff-box---once the pledge of Sharper's
 When rival beauties for the present strove ; [love,
 At Corticelli's he the raffle won ;
 Then first his passion was in public shown : 40
 Hazardia blush'd, then turn'd her head aside,
 A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
 This snuff-box---on the hinge see brilliants shine,
 This snuff-box will I stake ; the prize is mine.

CARD. Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear 45
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
 And, oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
 In complaisance, I took the queen he gave ;
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the knave : 50
 The knave won Sonica, which I had chose,
 And the next pull my Septleva I lose.

SMIL. But, ah! what aggravates the killing snare
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing, when first she came to town,
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enliv'ning red;
I introduc'd her to the Park and plays,
And by my int'rest Cozens made her stays.

by the sight, all reason I disdain,
 passions rise, and will not bear the rain.
 upon Basset, you who reason boast, 85
 if reason must not there be lost.
 .. What more than marble must that heart
 arken coldly to my Sharper's vows? [compose,
 when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
 awful love seems melting in his eyes! 90
 eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves,
 es---I whisper to myself, He loves!
 in feign'd passion in his looks appears,
 all mem'ry of my former fears;
 nting heart confesses all his charms, 95
 at once, and sink into his arms.
 of that moment you who prudence boast;
 ch a moment, prudence well were lost.
 . At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
 lukes at Marybone bowl time away; 100
 io the bowl, or rattling dice compares
 sset's heav'nly joys and pleasing cares?
 . Soft Simplicita dotes upon a beau;
 a likes a man, and laughs at show:
 several graces in my Sharper meet, 105
 as the footman, as the master sweet.
 Cease your contention, which has been too
 impatient, and the tea's too strong. [long;
 , and yield to what I now decide;
 npage shall grace Smilinda's side; 110
 uff-box to Cardelia I decree.
 ve complaining, and begin your tea.

Two trav'lers round an oyster stand
 Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grand
 While, scale in hand, Dame Justice pass
 Before her each with clamour pleads the
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the
 Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their si
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely we
 There take, (says Justice) take ye each
 We thrive at Westminster on fools like
 'Twas a fat oyster---live in peace---Adi

Answer to the following question of M.

WHAT is prud'ry?

'Tis a beldam,

--- seldom

*Occasioned by some Verses of his Grace the Duke of
Buckingham.*

MUSE, 'tis enough, at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail; 4
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends. 8

*A Prologue by Mr. Pope, to a play for Mr. Dennis's benefit,
in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great distress, a
little before his death.*

As when that hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the Goths, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 5
But pity'd Bellisarius, old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier, but who club'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When press'd by want and weakness, Dennis lies;
Dennis! who long had warr'd with modern Huns, 11
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:

U iii

How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan
And shook the stage with thunders all his own !
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the Pope !
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons, and wooden shoes in scorn ;
If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage ;
If there's a senior, who contemns this age ;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's, friend.

MACER.

A CHARACTER.

Thought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her simplicity : 20
 In a translated suit then tries the Town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd Harridan :
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go share with punk. 26

Song, by a person of quality. Written in the year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions :
 Nature must give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming, 5
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming,
 All beneath yon' flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth! 10
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
 Fair Discretion! string the lyre;
 Sooth my ever-waking slumbers : 15
 Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

Gilding ~~my~~ Aurelia's brows;
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

On a certain Lady at Court.

I know the thing that's most uncommen

“Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir?”

Yes, she has one, I must aver;

When all the world conspires to praise her,

The Woman's deaf, and does not hear. 12

*On his Grotto at Twickenham, composed of marbles, spars,
gems, ores, and minerals.*

THOU who shalt stop where Thames' translucent
wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shady cave;

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,

And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;

Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow, 5

And latent metals innocently glow;

Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!

And eye the mine, without a wish for gold.

Approach; but awful! lo! th' Ægerian Grot,

Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought; 10

Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,

And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,

Who dare to love their country, and be poor. 14

*On receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady Frances Shirley,
a standish and two pens.*

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen

Descend in all her sober charms;

“And take,” she said, and smil'd serene,

“Take at this hand, celestial arms:

EPI TAPHS

I. *On Charles Earl of Dorset, in the church of Withyam, in
Sussex.*

His saltero accumulata donis, et funus inani
Munere!

VIRG.

DORSET, the grace of court's, the Muse's pride,
 Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd;
 The scourge of pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
 Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
 Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay, 5
 His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
 Bless'd Satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
 As show'd vice had his hate, and pity too.
 Bless'd Courtier! who could king and country please, 10
 Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
 Bless'd Peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace,
 Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
 Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
 And patriots still, or poets, deck the line. 14

A PLEASING form, a firm, yet cautious
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet res
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the re
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ;
Just to his prince, and to his country to
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for tru
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny :
Such this man was, who now, from ea
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III. *On the Hon. Simon Harcourt, only*

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
 If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
 Oh! let thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
 And, with a father's sorrows mix his own!

IV. On James Craggs, Esq. in Westminster Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS.

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
 ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
 PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
 VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
 ANNOS, HEU TAUCOS, XXXV.
 OB. FEB. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear!
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V. Intended for Mr. Rowe, in Westminster Abbey.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
 And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.

Volume III.

X

VI. *On Mrs. Corbet, who died 1711*

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence
Bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense
No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
No arts essay'd but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unkind
Convinc'd that virtue only is our kind.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died

VII. *On the Monument of the Hon. Robert and
sister Mary, erected by their father the Lord*

Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human-kind !
 Go live ! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine ;
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine. 10

And thou, bless'd maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known ! 15
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give !

VIII. *On Sir Godfrey Kneller, in Westminster Abbey, 1723.*

KNELLER by Heav'n, and not a master, taught,
 Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures thought ;
 Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poet's lays,
 Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works ; and, dying, fears herself may die.

On, death is —

O soft humanity, in age belov'd!

For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh since

Withers ! adieu; yet not with thee re

Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !

Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,

Still leave some antient virtues to our age

Nor let us say (those English glories gone)

The last true Briton lies beneath this stone

X. On Mr. Elijah Fenton, at Eastbamsted

THIS modest stone, what few vain men

May truly say, Here lies an honest man

XI. *On Mr. Gay, in Westminster-Abbey, 1732.*

'r manners gentle, of affections mild;
 wit, a man; simplicity a child:
 'ith native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 orm'd to delight at once, and lash the age:
 ove temptation in a low estate,
 nd uncorrupted ev'n among the great: 6
 safe companion, and an easy friend,
 nblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
 hese are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 at that the worthy and the good shall say,
 riking their pensive bosoms---*Here lies Gay.* 12

II. *Intended for Sir Isaac Newton, in Westminster-Abbey.*

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
 Quem Immortalem
 Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
 Mortalem
 Hoc Marmor Fatetur.

ature, and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
 od said, Let Newton be! and all was light.

X iij

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

Y^{ES}, we have liv'd---One pang, and then we
May heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy h
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear shade! I will:

Then mix this dust with thine---O spotless gh
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes---Save my Country, Heav'n---He sai
dy'd.

The living virtue now had shone approv'd ;
 The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
 Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
 Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham, 10
 In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
 Ends in the milder merit of the heart ;
 And chiefs, or sages, long to Britain giv'n,
 Pays the last tribute of a saint to heav'n. 14

XV. For one who would not be buried in Westminster-Abbey.

HEROES and kings! your distance keep ;
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you :
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too. 4

XVI. Another on the same.

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
 Or under this turf, or ev'n what they will ;
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head, 4
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within ;
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be. 8

THE Fable of Dryope, from Ovid's 1
phoses,
Vertumnus and Pomona, from Ovid's 1
phoses,

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POET

- I. Chaucer,
- II. Spenser. The Alley,
- III. Waller. On a lady singing to her Ju
-----On a Fan of the Author's
in which was painted the story of Ceph
Procris, with the motto *Aura Veni*,
- IV. Cowley. The Garden,
-----Weeping,
- V. P. of B. & C. & D.

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XIV. On Edmund Duke of Buckinghar
died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1711
XV. For one who would not be buried in
minster-Abbey,
XVI. Another on the same,

END OF VOLUME THIRD.





THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE,
WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle :
Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one-----
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Italian grove ;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung.
Atrun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue. BROWN.

VOL. IV.

LONDON :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

MXCDCCVI.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.
VOL. IV.
CONTAINING
THE DUNCIAD,

WITH
ADVERTISEMENTS, INDEX OF PERSONS,
PREFACES, INDEX OF MATTERS,
LETTERS, PARALLELS,
&c. &c. &c.

Come thou, my Friend ! my Genius ! come along ;
Oh, master of the poet, and the song ;
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends
To man's low passions or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise----
Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
Shall then this Verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
Shew'd erring Pride, whatever is is right----
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. ESS. ON MAN.

LONDON :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
CATHORN, British Library, STRAND.

M DCC XCVI.





THE DUNCIAD.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

Occasioned by the first correct edition of

THE DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary; a work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you; you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged, by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its Parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than

to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries of which the enclosed Notes are the fruit:

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery; a stratagem which, would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the re-

serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull; and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes puts himself on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers, I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. *I am one of that number who have long loved and*

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A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

ceived Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was
at his capacity or writings (which we ever thought
the least valuable part of his character), but the
onest, open, and beneficent man, that we most
esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these
people say were believed, I must appear to all my
friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on
myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as
much interested in the confutation of these calumnies
as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be
moved either of jealousy or resentment against
them scarce one is known to me. I have

first objection I have heard made to the is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow objection, would forgive the satire; and if could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, not all assassins, popular insurrections, insolence of the rabble without doors, and of jests within, most wrongfully chastised, if meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders men more dangerous, as less thought of: law pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrowing in the dark, there is no public punishment left at what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here: a man who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation, supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses at the least anger against paleness or leanness, not against malice and villany. The Apothecary

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore
n-vending poison? Not but poverty it-
nes a just subject of satire, when it is the
nce of vice, prodigality, or neglect of
rful calling; for then it increases the public
fills the streets and highways with robbers,
garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly
lists.

admitting that two or three of these offend
a their morals than in their writings, must
ty make nonsense sacred? if so, the same
ad authors would be much better consulted
that of all the good ones in the world; and
one of an hundred had ever been called by his
nt name.

the whole matter: it is not cha-
the way they follow, but
hunglers

supposing them good, and these I am sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised, in return, to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the Author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will; the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions, I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by us.

good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the Public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the Public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made use of. If *obscurity* or *poverty* were to exempt a man from satire, much more should *folly* or *dullness*, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of

them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations*. But the resemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons; for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the

* *Essay on Criticism*, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I. after by the Abbe Reynel, in verse, with notes. *Rape of the Lock*, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse, by the Abbe Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c., His *Essays and Dissertations on Homer*, several times translated into French. *Essay on Man*, by the Abbe Reynel, in verse: by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires

engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity to see all along that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastidiis gratiam*. I am

Your most humble servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND *.

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other assistance of fortune) he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country. And yet, for all this, the Public would never believe him to be the author of this Letter.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS
HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS
TO THE DUNCIAD.
WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARSSTARCHUS.

DENNIS, *Remarks on Pr. Aribur.*

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable in the world to distinguish good writers, by couraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing in relation even to the very persons upon whose reflections are made. It is true, it may de-
them a little the sooner of a short profit and transitory reputation; but then it may have a
effect, and oblige them (before it be too late
decline that for which they are so very unfit, and
have recourse to something in which they may

—

laws in execution against a thief or impostor.---The same will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, *Letter to MIST, June 22, 1728.*

Attacks may be levelled either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A Satire upon dullness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our Exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our *adversaria* on modern Authors), we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our Poet; various, indeed, not only

B iiij

different authors, but of the same author of different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of

do exceedingly differ. One saith* he was educated at home; another†, that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third‡, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth§, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith¶ he was kept by his father on purpose; a second**, that he was an itinerant priest; a third††, that he was a parson: one‡‡ calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another§§, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom‡ one supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another†, a husbandman; another‡; a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pathagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon§; "Certain it is that his original is not from Adam,

* Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. II. in his life.

† Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 4.

‡ Dunciad Dissected, p. 4. § Guardian, No. 40. ¶ Ja-

cob's Lives, &c. vol. II. ** Dunc. ad Dissected, p. 4.

†† Farmer P. and his son. ‡‡ Dunciad Dissected.

§§ Characters of the Times, p. 45. † Female Dunciad,

p. ult. ‡ Dunc. ad Dissected. † Roome Paraphrase on

the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729. § Character of Mr. P.

and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S.

Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad,

(first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the tenth

page, declared Gildon to be author of that Lib. I; though

in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this

assertion, and affirmed (in the Curlaid, p. 4. and 8.)

that it was written by Dennis only.

“but the devil? and that he wanteth nothing but
“horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his
“infernal father.” Finding, therefore, such contra-
riety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort
of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy,
we shall defer writing the Life of our Poet till authors
can determine among themselves what parents or edu-
cation he had, or whether he had any education or pa-
rents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works;
though not less uncertain the judgments concerning
them; beginning with his *Essay on Criticism*, of

“ her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so dam-
 “ nably * ? ”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hyper-
 critical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Cri-
 “ ticism in verse ; but if any more curious reader has
 “ discovered in it something *new*, which is not in
 “ Dryden's Prefaces, Dedications, and his Essay
 “ on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French
 “ critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of
 “ the discovery † . ”

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the
 modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTEAD,

who, out of great respect to our Poet, not naming
 him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with
 the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of
 Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly
 taxeth ‡ : “ As to the numerous treatises, essays,
 “ arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have
 “ been written by the Moderns on this ground-
 “ work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over
 “ again, making them still more trite. Most of their

* Reflections Critical and Satirical on a Rhapsody
 called, “ An Essay on Criticism, printed for Bernard
 Lintot, octavo.

† Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the
 author of the Critical History of England.

‡ Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

“ pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly shew he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one.”

To all which great authorities we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

“ *The Art of Criticism,” saith he, “ which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace’s Art of Poetry, without

“ that are known an agreeable turn. It is im-
“ possible for us, who live in the latter ages of
“ the world, to make observations in criticism,
“ morality, or any art or science, which have
“ not been touched upon by others; we have
“ little else left us but to represent the common
“ sense of mankind in more strong, more beau-
“ tiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader
“ examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find
“ but few precepts in it which he may not meet
“ with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly
“ known by all the poets of the Augustan age.
“ His way of expressing and applying them, not
“ his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to ad-
“ mire.

“ Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the
“ same kind of sublime which he observes in the
“ several passages that occasioned them: I can-
“ not but take notice that our English Author
“ has, after the same manner, exemplified se-
“ veral of the precepts in the very precepts them-
“ selves.” He then produces some instances of a
peculiar beauty in the Numbers, and concludes
with saying, that “ There are three poems in our
“ tongue of the same nature, and each a master-
“ piece in its kind; the Essay on Translated
“ Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the
“ Essay on Criticism.”

*Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of
the affirmative.*

But the author of the Dispensary

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his poem of C
from this opinion: "Those who
"two excellent poems of Cooper's
"sor Forest, the one written by S
"the other by Mr. Pope, will shew
"candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are
scure writer of a poem called
"because Prior's Henry and Em
"finest tastes, our Author writ h
"position to it, but forgot innocen
"if you take away her tender th
"fierce desires, all the rest is of

" O Absard! in fitted youth,
 " Thy tale will justify this truth:
 " But well I woe't the cruel wrong
 " Address a nobler poet's song:
 " Dan' Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
 " With kind concern and skill has wolv'd
 " A sliken web; and ne'er shall fade
 " Its colours: gently has he laid
 " The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
 " And Venus shall the texture bless," &c.

Come we now to his Translation of the Iliad, ce'e-
brated by numerous pens; yet shall it suffice to men-
tion the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT.

who (though otherwise a severe censor of our Au-
thor) yet styleth this "A laudable Translation*."
That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends
the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it †: "The spirit of Homer breathes all
" through this Translation.—I am in doubt whe-
" ther I should most admire the justness to the
" Original, or the force and beauty of the lan-
" guage, or the sounding variety of the Numbers;
" but when I find all these meet, it puts me
" in mind of what the poet says of one of his he-
" roes, that he alone raised and stung with ease a
" weighty stone that two common men could not

* In his Essays, vol. I. printed for E. Cuth.

† Censor, vol. II. No. 33.

he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation
" him take it into his head to descend into
" let the world wonder, as it will, how th
" he got there) and pretend to do him into
" lish, so his version denotes his neglect
" manner how." Strange variation! We a
in

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8.

" That this Translation of the Iliad was no
" respects conformable to the fine taste of hi
" Mr. Addison; insomuch that he empl
" younger Muse in an undertaking of thi
" which he supervised himself." Wheth
Addison did find it conformable to his taste
best appears from his own testimony the year

corians in our own tongue, and, what is more
 for the honour of our language, it hath been
 taught to express with elegance the greatest of
 their poets in each nation. The illiterate among
 “ our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dry-
 “ den’s Virgil of the most perfect epic performance;
 “ and those parts of Homer which have been pub-
 “ lished already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think
 “ that the Iliad will appear in English with as little
 “ disadvantage to that immortal poem.”

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this
 younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman
 (who is a friend of our Author) employed by Mr.
 Addison to translate it *after* him, since he saith him-
 self that he did it *before* *. Contrariwise, that Mr.
 Addison engaged our Author in this work, appeareth
 by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad,
 printed some time before his death, and by his own
 letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where
 he declares, it is his opinion, that no other person
 was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespeare on the stage: “ Let
 “ him” (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST’S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728,) .
 “ publish such an author as he has least studied,
 “ and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an

* Vide Preface to Mr. Tickel’s translation of the
First Book of the Iliad, 4to.

“ editor. In this project let him lend the book-
“ seller his name (for a competent sum of money)
“ to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscrip-
“ tion.” Gentle Reader, be pleased to cast thine eye
on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows
(some months after the former assertion) in the same
Journals of June 8. “ The bookseller proposed the
“ book by subscription, and raised some thousands
“ of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman
“ did *not* share in the profits of this extravagant sub-
“ scription.”

“ After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

" riment again of getting a great part of a book done
 " by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should
 " unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the de-
 " clension of the whole." Behold! these *underlings*
 are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were
 printed, the subscription was begun, without de-
 claration of such assistance; verily those who set
 it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit,
 the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt,
 were be living, would testify, and the Right Ho-
 nourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify,
 the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am that persons professing to be learned,
 or of whatever rank of authors, should either
 falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who
 are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and
 proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addison raised this Author from ob-
 " scurity, obtained him the acquaintance and
 " friendship of the whole body of our nobility,
 " and transferred his powerful interests with those
 " great men to this rising bard, who frequently
 " levied, by that means, unusual contributions on
 " the Public." Which surely cannot be, if, as
 the author of the *Dunciad* Dissected reporteth,
 " Mr. Wycherly had before introduced him into a
 " familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and
 " brightest wits then living."

"No sorer (saith the same Journalist) w
 "body lifeless, but this Author, reviving h
 "sentment, libelled the memory of his de
 "friend; and, what was still more heinous,
 "the scandal public." Grievous the accus
 unknown the accuser! the person accuse
 witness in his own cause; the person, in
 regard accused, dead! But if there be livin
 one nobleman, whose friendship, yea, any
 gentleman, whose subscription, Mr. Addison
 cured to our Author, let him stand forth,
 truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Sc*
sed magis amica veritas. In verity, the
 story of the libel is a lie; witness those pers
 integrity who, several years before Mr. Add
 decease, did see and approve of the said vers
 no wise a libel. but a friendly rebuke. see

“Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought
 “excellent; and happening to praise them, a gen-
 “tleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival
 “Modes) published last year, where were the same
 “verses to a title.

“These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first
 “plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by
 “stealing from a man’s works in his own life-time,
 “and out of a public print.” Let us join to this
 what is written by the author of the Rival Modes:
 the said Mr. James Moore-Smith, in a letter to our
 Author himself, who had informed him, a month
 before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, “That
 “these verses, which he had before given him
 “leave to insert in it, would be known for his,
 “some copies being got abroad. He desires, ne-
 “vertheless, that since the lines had been read in
 “his Comedy, to several: Mr. P. would not de-
 “prive it of them,” &c. Surely if we add the
 testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady
 to whom the said verses were originally addressed,
 of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others, who knew them
 as our Author’s, long before the said gentleman
 composed his play; it is hoped the ingenuous, that
 affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the
 suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating
 no less than his enmity both to Church and State,
which could come from no other informer than the
said

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

MR. JAMES MOORE-SMITH.

“ * The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very
“ dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in
“ defence of our religion and constitution, and who
“ has been dead many years.” This seemeth almost
most untrue, it being known to divers that the
Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Har-
court, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person
(Bishop Burnet) death, and many years before the
appearance of that history of which they are pre-
tended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr
Moore had such a design, and was himself the

aforesaid Right Honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same pages with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same ; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted ; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our Author, the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

sums up his character in these lines :

“ * And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
 “ As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
 “ Unless I justly could at once commend
 “ A good companion, and as firm a friend.
 “ One moral, or a mere well natur'd deed,
 “ Can all desert in sciences exceed.”

So also is he decyphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

“ † Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
 “ What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant muse ?
 “ Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
 “ Though every laurel through the dome be thine--
 “ Go to the good and just, an awful train :
 “ Thy soul's delight.--

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

* *Verses to Mr. P. on his Translation of Homer.*
 † *Poem prefixed to his Works.*

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

" O ! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise !
 " Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy days,
 " Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
 " And even thy life be faultless as thy line ;
 " Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 " Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
 " A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
 " Views with just scorn, the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil
 ners of the times, calleth out upon our Poet,

To the same tune, also, sings that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME,

“ Thus nobly rising in fair Virtue’s cause,
 “ From thy own life transcribe th’ unerring laws.”

And, to close all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick’s:

“ A soul with ev’ry virtue fraught,
 “ By patriots, priests, and poets taught;
 “ Whose filial piety excels
 “ Whatever Grecian story tells.
 “ A genius for each business fit,
 “ Whose meanest talent is his wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee, by turning to the other side, and shewing his character, drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough-quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him: “ A little affected hypocrite, “ who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, “ friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that “ whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which “ is just contrary to some good quality for which “ all their friends and their acquaintance commend “ them. He seems to have a particular pique to “ people of quality, and authors of that rank. He

* *In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.*

“ must derive his religion from St. Omer's.”---But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716,) he saith, “ Though he is a
“ professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;”
“ but that, nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist; and
“ yet a pillar of the Church of England.” Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in *MIST'S JOURNAL*, of June 22, 1718, “ That, if he is not shrewdly
“ abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both
“ parties in their own sentiments.” But as to his

honest man ; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors whose wrath is perilous : for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast* ; another protests that he does not know what may happen ; advises him to insure his person ; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life†. One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself‡. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament then under prosecution||. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom** ; and assureth the Public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country ; a monster that will, one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the first Christian he meets††. Another gives information of treason discovered in his Poem‡‡. Mr.

* Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22d, 1728.

† Smedley, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14, 16.

‡ *Gulliveriana*, p. 332. || Anno 1723. ** Anno 1729.

†† Preface to *Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

‡‡ Page 6, 7, of the preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, *A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies*. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1714.

This is prodigious! yet it is all that, in the midst of these invective enemies have (I know not how) borrowed some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,
in censuring his Shakspeare, declares
“ great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and
“ opinion of his genius and excellen
“ withstanding he professes a ver
“ rising to idolatry for the writings
“ table Poet, he would be very loath
“ justice at the expence of that other g
“ racter†.”

MR. CHARLES GILDON,
after having violently attacked him
at last comes to wish from his hear

“ have scarce any thing truly and naturally written
“ upon love*.” He also, in taxing Sir Richard
Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer,
challenges him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said
in his Preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares “ The
“ purity and perfection of the English language to
“ be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more
“ good verses in Dryden’s Virgil than in any other
“ work, except this of our Author only †.”

The Author of a Letter to MR. CRISSEN
says ‡, “ Pope was so good a versifier [*ohce*] that
“ his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contempo-
“ rary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his
“ numbers is equal to any body’s; and that he had
“ all the merit that a man can have that way.” And

MR. THOMAS COOKE;

after much blemishing our Author’s Homer, crieth out,

“ But in his other works what beauties shine,
“ While sweetest music dwells in ev’ry line!
“ These he admir’d, on these he stamp’d his praise,
“ And bids them live to brighten future days §.”

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in

* Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham’s Essay,
8vo. 1721, p. 97, 98.

† In his prose Essay on Criticism.

‡ Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

§ Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.

D ii

that poem *, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

- " 'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
- " (Tun'd justly high, or regularly low,
- " That we should fame in these mere vocals give;
- " Pope more than we can offer should receive;
- " For when some guiding rider is his line,
- " His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, " The smooth numbers of the
" Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any
" other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words:
" The Author is allowed to be a perfect master of

"in oblivion*." Here we see our excellent Laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS and MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert † confess, "That some
"men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "That he has got, like Mr. Bayes, in the
"Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable
"knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

* Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 21.

† *In concert.*] Hear now Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in concert with
"Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a
"gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in
"concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two
"letters from Gildon will plainly shew that we are not
"writers in concert with each other.

"Sir,

"The height of my ambition is to please men
"of the best judgment; and finding that I have enter-
"tained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the
"reward of my labour."

Sir,

"I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent
"Pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and
"pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that
"encouragement your admirable performance de-
"serves," &c.

Ch. Gildon.

"Now is it not plain that any one who send such com-
"pliments to another, has not been used to write in part-
"nership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis,
Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore
welcome to take this piece to himself.

D iij

Of his Essay on man numerous were the p
bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagin
that the same was not written by him, as it was
ed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

“ Auspicious Bard ! while all admire thy strain,
“ All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain ;
“ I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
“ Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :
“ Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
“ Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear.”

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote * to the unknown Author, on the
publication of the said essay ; “ I must own,
“ the reception which the vilest and most im
“ ribaldry hath lately met with. I was surpri

r omnium, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, merely lamenting it, even from the *Essay on Criticism* this day of the *Dunciad*! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this *Essay* meets with*. I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation †.---If, after the cruel treatment, so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness, and more squandered away upon one object than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader, to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of Art and Nature; would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone.---But if I should venture to assure him that the people of England had made such a choice---the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen

* Dennis, Preface to his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*.

† Preface to his *Remarks on Homer*.

"Anne's) ministry was designed by Fate to
"rage fools".

But it happens that this our Poet never had a place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from said glorious Queen, or any of her ministers. He owed, in the whole course of his life, no court, was a subscription for his Homer from King George I. and 100l. from the Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author's was constant and universal, they acquaint

'Tripe*;' which proved to be one of Dr. aff's. Mr. Theobald assures, in *MIST*, of the 1st April, "That the treatise of the *Profound* is dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion, and "The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of the treatise must, and can only be ascribed to *liver†*." [Here, gentle Reader! cannot I but lament at the strange blindness and positiveness of supposing the said treatise to appertain to none but to me, *Martinus Scriblerus*.]

are assured, in *MIST*, of June 8, "That his plays and farces would better have adorned *Dunciad* than those of Mr. Theobald; for he has neither genius for tragedy nor comedy."—But, whether true, or not, it is not easy to judge, much as he had attempted neither; unless we take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play acted, was an infallible proof the play was his. The said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "How can any man judge (saith he) by this concern, whether it was the true mother of the child?"

From all that hath been said, the discerning Reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to own any candour, since, when he declared he did

character of Mr. Pope, p. 6. † *Gulliver*, p. 356. *Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope*, p. 19.

not write for others, it was not credited; as to have any modesty, since, when he declined in any way himself, the presumption of was imputed to him. If he singly enterprized great work, he was taxed of boldness andness to a prodigy*; if he took assistants in art it was complained of, and represented as an injury to the Public†. The loftiest heroics, the ballads, treatises against the state or church, on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and at squabbles with booksellers, or even full and accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; c

from the testimony of his very enemies, would affirm, that his capacity was boundless as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle Reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed, from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our Poet: for of epic-sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness

what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustachius, in *Odyssey* X. And accordingly Aristotle, in his *Poetic*, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the Hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our Poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Duncie the first; and surely, from what we hear of

the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the Greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Códrua, or a Flékno.

: We shall next describe the occasion and the cause which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time the licence of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished; the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny, or blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

* Now our Author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left: In that public-spirited

* *Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii. Volume IV.*

view he laid the plan of this Poem, as service he was capable (without much help) to render his dear country. First, from their original, he considereth the nature of such authors, namely, dulness, the one born with them, the other contracted of their proper talents, through some greater abilities. This truth he wrapped in allegory* (as the construction of epic poems) and feigns that one of these goddesses had her abode with the other, and that they inspired all such writers and such works.

of her imperial seat from the City to the polite World; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our Author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantem, in the poet's mind, must have a name*. He finds it to be-----; and he becomes of course the Hero of the Poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness; extended through her subordinate instruments in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the Second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters, of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the Third Book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first

* Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot, Poetic. cap. ix.

concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the
of Moore; the second the libellous Novelist,
he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedi
the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poe
fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so
rest; assigning to each some proper name or
such as he could find.

As for the Characters, the Public hath
acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The
ners are so depicted, and the sentiments so po
to those to whom applied, that surely to t
them to any other or wiser personages, wou

wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Ancients; in-somuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the Commentator and Poet himself; yea, divers, by his exceeding diligence, are to altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole Poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age, composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy; though, since, he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his Alfred*. True it is that the talents for criticism.

* See his Essays.

namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remarks, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymmer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our Author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of THE DUNCIAD. P.

Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a War and a Wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or *Æneas*. We shall, therefore, set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them that, in the Greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and, consequently, that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as becometh the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight: for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the Muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: 'Si Dii
' non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique
' justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, ut in
' utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neu-

‘gere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malo
‘ex benorum caritate descendit.’ Which,
vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted
“the gods be not provoked at evil men, ne
“they delighted with the good and just:
“contrary objects must either excite contrary a
“or no affections at all. So that he who lov
“men must at the same time hate the bad
“who hateth not bad men cannot love the g
“cause to love good men proceedeth from an
“to evil, and to hate evil men from a tende
“the good.” From this delicacy of the Muse:
Little Epic, (more lively and cholerick than
sister, whose bulk and complexion incline he
flegmatic) and for this some notorious vehic
and folly was sought out to make thereof an e
an early instance of which (nor could it es
accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem
affordeth us. From him the practice desc

old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva: who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce, in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead.-- May we not then be excused if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our Poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place, or station, of the satiric piece?

Proceed we, therefore, in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the Greater Epic should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un bonnete homme**; but it never admitted of any doubt but that the Hero of the Little Epic should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the liveliest graces of the Little Epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of

* *Si un heros poetique doit etre un honnete homme.*
Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

resulteth Heroic Dulness, the never-dying s
this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to partic
It is the character of true wisdom to seek
support and confidence within itself, and
that support in the resources which proce
a conscious rectitude of will.---And are th
tages of vanity, when arising to the heroic
at all, short of this self-complacence? nay,
not in the opinion of the enamoured owner
yond it? "Let the world (will such a o
"impute to me what folly, or weakness the
"but till wisdom can give me something
"make me more heartily happy, I am b
"to be gazed at *." This, we see, is var
cording to the heroic gage or measure:
low and ignoble species which pretendeth t
we have not; but the laudable ambition
gazed at for glorying in those vices which ev

near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad, namely, "Whether it would not be
 "vanity in him to take shame to himself for not
 "being a wise man*?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those follies which
 "he was not content barely to possess, but would
 "likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'tis
 "Nature's fault, and I follow her†." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it which made his face "more known (as he
 "justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's

* *Life of C. Cibber*, p. 2. octavo. † *Ibid.* p. 23.

composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) *Summer-teeming lust*, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers, which our Poet somewhere speaketh of^{*}; but when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the Little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so even by him who best knoweth its value. “Don’t you think (argueth he) to say only
“a man has his whore †, ought to go for little, or
“nothing? Because, *defendit numeris*, take the first
“ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you
“would be no loser if you betted ten to one that
“every single sinner of them. one with another had

"—Servetur ad idem

"Qualis ab incepto processerat."—

But here, in justice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implie:h she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly, a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded: for how much self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where, (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either Hero; but it is not in any, or in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the Greater Epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termeth it* of the Little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reason, but risibility, distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature (saith this profound

* *C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.*

“ philosopher) distinguished our species from the
“ mute creation by our risibility, her design must
“ have been, by that faculty, as evidently to raise our
“ happiness, as by our *ex sublime* (our erected faces)
“ to lift the dignity of our form above them *.” All
this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as
well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not
barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as
himself informeth us) in his very spirits (and whose
ex sublime is not simply an erect face, but a brazen
head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of
iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden †.

intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus we have essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I cannot tell what Sham-Hero or Phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the Fourth Book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts; and when he came to these words,

“Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,”

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befiteth any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeeming the eye of Empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. “Ha! (saith he) fast asleep”

least, though not aware, more than many an enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was thrown into a long slumber by Merlin the necromancer; and his example for the future with a good grace might be of service for that disastrous knight, being so driven to make his answer, by severity †, only replied with a sigh, "shuffle the cards ||."

But now, as nothing in this world is sacred and perfect things, either of merit or demerit, can escape the sting of envy. We are ready to hear these carpers objecting to our Hero's title.

† They would never (say they) ha

stead of one of his patrons, (a person "Never a hero even on the stage*") to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyn, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suamque fortunam*: "That every man is the carver of his own fortune." The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth, that man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one the worthiest that ever breathed. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to achieve the highest." From this principle it followeth, that nothing can exceed our Hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition; Henry IV. of France, for honest policy; to the great Brutus, for love of liberty; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power.

another time to the godlike Socrates, for his discourses and amusements; to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity.

[†] See C. Cibber's *Life*, p. 148. † *Ib.* 149. † *Ib.*

⁴²⁴, lb. p. 366. * lb. p. 457. † lb. p. 178.

NOR was any

his conceit. In his early youth he met
tion || face to face in Nottingham, at
other patriots contented themselves to
It was here he got acquainted with Old
of whom he hath made so honourable
one of his immortal odes **. But he sh
as well as camps: he was called up
tion fell in labour of this Revolution
gossip at her christening with the b
ladies ||.

As to his birth, it is true, he pretends
either to Heathen god or goddess; but
good, he was descended from a Maker
that he did not pass himself on the world
as well by birth as education, was his
th into his life

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this achievement; even for this we have a resource. We can easily derive our Hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men, and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phoebus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful Gamester. And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

"—ultima semper

"Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus

"Ante obitum nemo supernaque funera debet:

"That no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero; this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

Our Poet.

a cure to it; but he telleth us
“ riors, perhaps, may be mended by I
“ my part, I own myself incorrigible.
“ my follies as the best part of my fort
with good reason; we see to what they
him!

Secondly, as to Buffoonry, “ Is it (sa
“ of day for me to leave off these fool
“ up a new character? I can no more
“ lies than my skin: I have often tried
“ too close to me; nor am I sure my
“ pleased with them, for in this lig
“ frequent matter of mirth,” &c. &
then so publicly declared himself ir
become dead in law, (I mean th
“ upon the Poet. is no

PREFACE.

conclude better than with that extraordinary
is, which he conceived in these oraculous w
My Dulness will find somebody to do it right

“ Tandem Phoebus adest, morsusque inferre parentem

“ Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat nistus †.”

* Cibber's Life, p. 243, octavo edit.

† Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

PREFACE

*revised to the five first imperfect editions of the Dunciad, .
three books, printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and
duodecimo, 1727.*

THE PUBLISHER * TO THE READER.

will be found a true observation, though some-
at surprising, that when any scandal is vented
inst a man of the highest distinction and charac-

*the publisher *.*] Who he was is uncertain; but Ed-
d Ward tells us, in his Preface to Dürgen, “ That
ost judges are of opinion this Preface is not of
glish extraction, but Hibernian,” &c. He means
s written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the pub-
or not, may be said, in a sort, to be author of
oem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for
is specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies)
ined to own the most trifling pieces in which
ad any hand, and to destroy all that remained in
ower, the first sketch of this Poem was snatched
ie fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend
ed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribe
occasion of printing it was as follows:

whatsoever.

There was published in those Miscellanea a treatise of the Bathos, or, art of Sinking in Poetry, which was a chapter, where the species of Bathos were ranged in classes, and initial letters were prefixed, for the most part, at random. I remember the number of poets eminent in that art, and one or other took every letter to himself. I was so violent a fury, that for half a year, in all our common newspapers (in most of which they were property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities that could possibly be devised; a liberty no ways to be expected in those people, and in those papers, though it was years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, I had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age, and this with impunity, their own persons being utterly secret and obscure. This gave me the thought, that he had now some opportunity, by detecting and dragging into light

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the Town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays*, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person, of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Works, (which, by modest computation, may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following Poem, who doubtless had either a better insight

Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the Poem.

About an hundred thousand.] It is surprising with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Here the Laureat (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet, when I read it with those *vain-glorious* incumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.---it is amazing that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low* avarice of praise," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of *Scriblerus* and others were the Author's own)

The Author of the following Poem, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

appears from the knowledge of
private authors of all the an
him, and from his having in
man living who had not beo
some scandal against this gen

How I came possessed of
reader; but it would have be
I detained the publication; si
are its chief ornaments die off
render it too soon unintelligi
author to give us a more per
end.

Who he is, I cannot say,
pity) there is certainly nothin
ner of writing which can distir
can be said

quency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as would seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:-----

“ Oh mihi bisseuos multam vigilata per annos,
“ Duncia *!”

The labour of full six years, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, preface to Sawney: “ We are told “ it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to “ the Author’s sense to have employed so large a part “ of his life;” &c. So also Ward, preface to Durgens: “ The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, “ cost the Author six years’ retirement from all the “ pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to “ conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could “ be so long in hatching,” &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the Poem.

* The prefacer to Curl’s Key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: “ By a quibble on the word “ *Duncia*, the *Dunciad*, is formed.” Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

Volume IV.

G

It is styled Heroic, as being
with respect to its nature, which, a
best rules of the Ancients, and strict
Moderns, is critically such; but also
the heroical disposition and high cour-
ter, who dared to stir up such a formi-
and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity
from the names in the Poem, by the
removal of some authors, and inserti-
their niches: for, whoever will consi-
the whole design, will be sensible th-
not made for these authors, but the
Poem. I should judge that they w-
they rose, fresh and fresh, and cha-
the manner, as when the

applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. ? &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

A LIST OF
BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

*In which our Author was abused before the publication of the
Dunciad, with the true names of the authors.*

REFLLECTIONS, Critical and Satirical, on a late Rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis. Printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal ; or, Bayes the Younger ; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock.---Anon. By Charles Gildon. Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides ; or, A Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel, Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett, Esquires. Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden ; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

A complete Key to the Whig
By *Griffin*, a player; supervised
Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and
letter to a friend. Anon. *Dennis*.
ping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a farce. F
J. D. Breval. --- Printed for 1
price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Tre
with two Letters concerning th
and the Temple of Fame. By
for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of
Mr. T. Anon. *Bez. Morris*. 171
The Triumphant or A Lett

the Critical History of England. *J. Oldmixon*,
tavo. Printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample
eface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscella-
es. By *Jonathan Smedley*. Printed by *J. Roberts*,
tavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times: or, An Account of the
ritings, Characters, &c. of several gentlemen li-
lled by S--- and P---, in a late Miscellany, octavo,
28.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Let-
s to a Friend. By *Mr. Dennis*; written in 1724,
ough not printed till 1728, octavo.

*rses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public
prints.*

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on
vift and Pope's Miscellanies. Written by *Mr.
ncanen*.

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by *Phi-
mauri*. *James-Moore Smith*.

Idem, March 29. A letter about Thersites, accusing
e Author of disaffection to the government. By
mes-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay
the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation: or,
Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. Sup-
sed by *Mr. Theobald*.

as Wickham. By James-N

The Flying-Post, April 6.

tise upon Swift and Pope. B

The Senator, April 9. Or
Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. A
Moore Smith.

Flying-Post, April 13. Ver
and against Mr. P---'s Homer.

Daily Journal, April 23. L
lation of the Character of Th
Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, A
Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A
at large. Anon. Lib. D.

thor^e betrayed by the mercenary booksellers, (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner;---“ The Confederates, “ a farce. By Capt. *Breval* (for which he was put “ into the *Dunciad*.) An Epilogue to *Powel’s* “ Puppet-show. By Col. *Ducket* (for which he was “ put into the *Dunciad*.) Essays, &c. By Sir *Richard Blackmore*. (N. B. It was for a passage of this “ book that Sir Richard was put into the *Dunciad*.”) And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the *Dunciad*, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, “ That the complaint of the aforesaid libels “ and advertisements was forged and untrue; that “ all mouths had been silent except in Mr. Pope’s “ praise; and nothing against him published but by “ Mr. Theobald.”]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the *Dunciad*; with a critique on that Poem. By *J. Ralph* [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after.] Printed by J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the *Dunciad*. By *E. Curl*, 12mo. price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Metamorphoses of Scriblerus
rus. By *J. Smedley*, printed for A. D
price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By *Curl* and
12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings
times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of
Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, part
Bouhours, with new reflections, &c. By
octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. *Den*
to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the profound. An
ibew Concanen, octavo.

against Mr. P---. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the same papers, by *James Moore* and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by *Lewis Theobald*.

Flying-Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the Author of the *Dunciad* with treason.

Durgen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By *Edward Ward*, with a little of *James Moore*.

Apollo's Magot in his Cups. By *E. Ward*.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume under the same title, by *Smedley*. Advertised in the *Craftsman*, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that, "Any thing, which any body should send as Mr. Pope's, or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By *George Duckett*, and *John Dennis*, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by *E. Rouse*, folio, 1729.

Labea. A Paper of Verses by *Leonard Welsted*, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by *James Moore*, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in *Welsted's* own name, under the just title of *Dulness and Scandal*, folio, 1731.

red for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Noblem:
nity, from Hampton-Court, L
J. Roberts. Also folio.

A Letter from Mr. *Cibber* to
W. Lewis, in Covent-Garden,

ADVERTISE!

To the first Edition with Note

It will be sufficient to say of
reader has here a much more

the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends by an impression at Dublin.

The Commentary which attends this Poem was sent me from several hands, and, consequently, must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time; and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men, or the things, be ever so inconsiderable, or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this Comment

manner is well enough known, a
but those who are too much concer

The Imitations of the Ancients
tify those who either never read, o
ten them; together with some o
allusions to the most excellent of
from the frequency of the former
the Poem too much a canto, our P
to have done the same thing in j
did in earnest, and upon which V
and many of the most eminent L
sedly valued themselves.

eminent noblemen; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the Author of the three first Books had a design to extend and complete his Poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that "The design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it:" and, from the declaration in the argument to the third Book, that "The accomplishment of the prophecies therein, would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad." But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six Books of the *Æneid*, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any Criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of, *Epistola obsecrorum virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future Impressions of this Poem.

on the works of this Poet. Before
of his acquaintance, I had writte
his Essay on Man, and have since
the Essay on Criticism. There
the Dunciad, which had met withg
but I still thought some additions
more serious kind) to the humore
rus, and even to those written l
Arbuthnot, and others. I had la
pass some months with the Aut
where I prevailed upon him to d
sired, and favour me with his e
passages in his works. It happe
juncture was published a ridicul
full of personal reflections, whi
of improv

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author; this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it. W. W.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the Journals, 1736.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they had looked upon them as an abuse: we can do no less than own it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it. In respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from r poetry, and good sense*. A true republic monarchical church †. A republican Atheist den was from the beginning an *ελλοπρόσα* I doubt not will continue so to the last||.

In the poem called Absalom and Achitho toriously traduced the King, the Queen, and Gentlemen, not only their honoural exposed, but the whole nation and its rep notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magni* Majesty itself †.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purve very Christianity may be questioned††.

than other men. a

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS.

OF MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their cotemporaries.

MR. POPE, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning*. Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent†. Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and a High-flyer‡. He is both Whig and Tory||.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments‡.

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are the King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Bishops, the Established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandal**.

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings††. His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword: and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles‡‡. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that

*Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12.
†Dunciad Dissected. ‡Pref. to Gulliveriana. ‡Dennis, Character of Mr. P. ‡Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728. **List at the end of a collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo.---printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6.
††Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. ‡‡Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

...the reputation, and whether it
for that only is a question†.

Mr. DRYDEN's Virg

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil,
is not that Virgil so admired in th
but a Virgil of another stamp, a si
nonsensical writer†. None but a B
or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; an
unthinking vermin admire his Trans
soft and easy lines might become C
Art of Love---but Virgil, who is all
tic, &c. requires strength of lines,
and closeness of expression; not a
running on carpet-ground, and she
Newmarket racer. He has number
author's meaning and in propriety o

Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome*.

Mr. POPE only a versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit†. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse‡.

Mr. POPE's Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene§. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge¶.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification. But this little Author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions**.

Mr. POPE understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into Eng-

*Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. †Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728. ‡Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer. §Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. ¶ib. p. 14. **Character of Mr. Pope, p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

absurdly*. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity†. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his author‡. This shows, how fit Mr. Dryden may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but εἰς ἄρ for Χρ must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press||. Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies---He writes for the ladies, and not for use‡.

The Translator puts in a little burlesque now and Virgil, for a regout to his cheated Sub-

lish, of which he understands as little*. I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer, with justice to the poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek†. He has stuck so little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question‡. I should be glad to know, which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies and the gentlemen who judge like ladies||.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it‡.

Mr. POPE tricked his subscribers.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but it is too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of**. Mr. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers††.

Names bestowed on Mr. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and initial and final letters of his

*Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12. †Daily Journal, April 23, 1728. ‡Suppl. to the Profound Preface. ||Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. †Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. **Homerides, p. 1, &c. ††British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

A FROG.] Poet Squab, endued
spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of
swell to the bulk of an ox†.

A COWARD.] A Clinias, or a
of Mr. Dryden's own courage||.

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has
knave of Jesus Christ: and,
have read somewhere of John D
Majesty†.

A FOOL.] Had he not been si
fool**.--Some great poets are po

A THING.] So little a thing a

*Whip and Key, pref. †Mi
p. 11. ||Ib. p. 176. ‡Ib. p. 57.
pref. ††Milbourne, p. 34. ‡‡Ib

surname, viz. A. P. E. and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face* &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass†.

A FROG.] A squab short gentleman---a little creature, that, like the frog in the fable; swells; and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox‡.

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying coward§.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty||.

A FOOL.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer**.

A THING.] A little abject thing††.

*Dennis's Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. †Dennis's Rem. on Hom. pref. ‡Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock. pref. p. 9. §Char. of Mr. P. p. 3. ||Ibid. **Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. ††Ibid. p. 8.

BY AUTHORITY

*By virtue of the Authority in Us vested
subjecting Poets to the Power of
have revised this Piece; where, finding
pellation of KING to have been given
tender, Psuedo-Poet, or Phantom
TIBBALD; and apprehending the same
some sort a reflection on Majesty, or, c
that Legal Authority, which has bestow
the Crown of Poesy: We have ord
tender, Psuedo-Poet, or Phant
out of this Work: an*

THE AUTHOR, A DECLARATION.

HEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and
icles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and
ing to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers,
taken upon them to adulterate the common and current
of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this
m, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing
own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same;
they publish, utter, and vend as genuine; the said
rdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs,
tors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related
b Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having
lly revised this our Dunciad, *beginning with
words, The mighty Mother, and ending with
ords buries All, containing the entire sum of
thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses,
e every word, figure, point, and comma, of this im-

lead thus confidently, instead of "beginning
h the words *books* and ending with the word *flies*,"
merly it stood: read also, "containing the en-
e sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four*
ses," instead of *one thousand and twelve lines*;"
being the initial and final words; and such the
and entire contents of this Poem.

lume II.

X

example, which we *hitherto*
had heretofore set, as a remedy and pre
abuses. Provided always, that nothin
tion shall be construed to limit the law,
right of every subject of this Realm to
condemn, in the whole, or in part, a
whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London
 January, in the year of our
 seven hundred thirty and two.
 Declarat' cor' me,
 JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

Thou art to know, Reader! t'
 thereof, like that of Milton, wa
 Author. (though living and not

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the City, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal writers. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purpose, thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, rises and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the Poet-Laureate, anoints him, carries him into Court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings,

REMARKS.

The Dunciad.] It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood: the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, those whom they aimed to injure not caring to call to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of vanity unprovoked. But in this case it would be but hard to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the

LONDON.

This Poem was written in the year next year an imperfect edition was published, and re-printed at London in twelve Dublin, and another at London in octothers in twelve the same year: but the first edition before that of London in was attended with notes. We are willing to posterity, that this poem was presented to George II. and his Queen, by the hand of Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to this edition, that this Poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed in some foreign country. And what foreign country? Notorious for blunders; where finding instead of proper names, these blunderers substituted at their pleasure.

The very Hero of the Poem hath been discovered this hour; so that we are obliged to the public with a discovery who he really was. The former editor, that this piece was

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
Still Dunc the second reigns like Dunc the first;
Say how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;

REMARKS.

hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II.
Now the Author directly tells us, his Hero is the man
-----who brings

The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.
And it is notorious who was the person on whom this
Prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the
Great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the
person, who was never an author in fashion, or ca-
ressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic
is sufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above
all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight
and chosen companion of the nobility of England;
and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works
at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this poet
being the only one who was universally known to have
had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatric-
al, political and moral capacities, that it could justly
be said of him

Still Dunc the Second reigns like Dunc the First.

Bentley.

IMITATIONS.

v. 6.] Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in
Mac Fleckno, (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the
Dunciad, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,
"And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first."

Dean, Bishop, Doctor, or
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' se
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' e
Or praise the Court, or magnify n
Or thy griev'd country's copper cl
From thy Bœtia though her pow'r
Mourn not, my Swift! at ought o
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wi
To hatch a new Saturnian age of
Close to those walls, where Fol
And laughs to think Monroe wou

REMARKS.

v. 31. ---by his fam'd father's hand
briel Cibber, father of the Poet-lar
tutes of the lunatics over the gates
were done by him, and (as the son
are no ill monuments of his fame

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand,
 One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The cave of Poverty and Poetry :
 Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess, 35
 Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness :
 Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in monsters, and amaze the Town :
 Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post :
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines; 41
 Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines :
 Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
 And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.
 In clouded majesty here Dulness shone, 45
 Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne :
 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :

VARIATIONS.

v. 41. In the former edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
 Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day.

v. 42. Alludes to the annual songs composed to
 music on St. Cecilia's feast.

IMITATIONS.

v. 41, 42. Hence hymning Tyburn's---Hence, &c.]

“ ---Genus unde Latinum,

“ Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.”

Virg. Æn. I.

v. 45. In clouded Majesty.]

----“ The Moon

“ Rising in clouded majesty.”---- *Milton, B. IV.*

v. 48. ----that knows no fears

Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears.]

“ *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula*
torrent,” *Hor.*

And solid pudding against empty prate

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and

Where nameless Somethings in their c

'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third da

Call forth each mass, a poem or a play

How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in

How new-born Nonsense first is taught

Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly

And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

Here one poor word an hundred clench

And ductile Dulness new meanders ta

There motley images her fancy strike.

Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike

She sees a mob of Metaphors advance

Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy

IMITATIONS.

How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene. 80

She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day when *** rich and grave, 85

like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:

Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Lad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
 faces.)

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 'T liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more. 90

VARIATIONS.

85.] In the former editions:

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.

i.e. Thorold, Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1720.

IMITATIONS.

2. -----the loud compelling queen.] From Homer's
 of Jupiter, $\tau\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\lambda\alpha\gamma\epsilon\tau\alpha\ \text{Ζευ}\delta\text{ς}$

What City shows them

Much she revolves their arts, their ancient
And sure succession down from Heywood
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest, and glaring in his son :
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic car
Each growing lump, and brings it to a be
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine
And Eusden eke our Blackmore's endless
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's pot
And all the mighty mad in Dennie rage.

REMARKS.

v. 99. But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day
was poet to the City of London. His
compose yearly Panegyrics upon the L
and verses to be spoken in the Pageants;
the shows being at length frugally

ach she marks her image full exprest,
 ief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast;
 form'd by Nature's Stage and Town to bless,
 et, and be, a coxcomb with success. 100

REMARKS.

-One lately did not fear
 Without the Muses' leave) to plant verse here.
 ut it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
 ymes, as e'en set the hearer's ears on edge;
 ritten by William Pryn Esquire, the
 ear of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
 rave Jersey Muse! and he's, for his high style,
 all'd to this day the Homer of the Isle."
 oth these authors had a resemblance in their
 s well as their writings, having been alike sen-
 to the pillory.

14. *And Eusden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Eusden,
 aureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some
 ly of his works, which are very numerous. Mr.
 , in his *Battle of Poets*, saith of him,
 usden, a laurel'd bard, by Fortune rais'd,
 y very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

5. *Like Tate's poor page.*] Nahum Tate was Poet-
 te, a cold writer, of no invention; but some-
 translated tolerably when befriended by Mr.
 n. In his second part of *Absalom and Ahithophel*
 ove two hundred admirable lines together of that
 and, which strongly shine through the insipidity
 rest. Something parallel may be observed of
 r author here mentioned.

VARIATIONS.

08. *But chief in Bayes's, &c.*] In the former
 thus:

chief in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast :
 ; gods with dæmons in strange league engage,
 l earth and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.
 he ey'd the bard, where supperless he sate,
 'pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
 'ious he sate with all his books around,
 ing from thought to thought, &c.---

Blasphem'd his god,
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dasht it o'
 Sinking from thought to thought, a'
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no t'
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mer'
 Round him much embryo, much ab'
 Much future ode, and abdicated play!

REMARKS.

v. 109. *Bayes, form'd by Nature, &c.*]
 here hath done full justice to his Hero
 it were a great mistake to imagine
 stupidity: he is allowed to have sup'
 derful mixture of vivacity. This ch'
 ed according to his own desire, in

VARIATIONS.

v. 121. *Round him much embryo,*
 editions thus:
 He roll'd his eyes that witness'
 where yet unpawn'd, much lez
 the space

Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
 That slipt through cracks and zigzags of the head;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
 Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole;
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
 There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on outside merit but presume, 135
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;

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our Author: "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, or believe that our Poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his wit, or for some *profitor lucre* to himself." Life of C.C. ch. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. p. 15, 47, 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, though in verse you foreclose,
 I'll have the last word; for, by G---, I'll write prose.
 Poor Colly! thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
 For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

Here all his sunning brotherhood re-
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes at
 A Gothic library! of Greece and Ro-
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Ba-

REMARKS.

n. 141. *Ogilby the Great.*] " John Ogi-
 " from a late initiation into literature
 " gress as might well style him the pr-
 " sending into the world so many la-
 " translations of Homer and Virgil do
 " with such excellent sculptures: and
 " grace to his works) he printed the
 " good paper, and in a very good let-
 Lives of poets.

n. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Ne-*
plete.] " The Dutchess of Newcastle
 " sisted herself in the ravishing delight
 " ing to posterity in print three amp
 " studious endeavours." *Winstanley,*

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
 The Classics of an age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ; 150
 There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear ;
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

REMARKS.

was his rival in tragedy, (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Parolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Egypt, and the heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his masters, not entirely contemptible.

v. 194. *Caxton.*] A printer in the time of Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII. Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII.

v. 153.] Nich. de Lyra; or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

v. 154.] Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called Translator-General of his age. The books alone of his turning into English, are sufficient to make a country gentleman a compleat library." *Winstanley.*

VARIATIONS.

v. 146.] In the first edit. it was

Well purg'd, and worthy, W---v, W---s and Bl---.
 And in the following altered to Wythers, Quarles,
 and Bloome, on which was the following note:

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W - ly.

Found the whole piece, or all his words in
Quartos, Octavos, shape the less'ning pye
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spi

Then he, great tamer of all human art
First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend
With whom my Muse began, with whom
E're since Sir Fopling's periwig was pra
To the last honors of the Butt and Bays :
O thou ! of bus'ness the directing soul !
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view :

VARIATIONS.

W--s, who were persons eminent for good
writ the Life of Christ in verse, the oth

O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
 And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night. 175
 Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
 Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
 The Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
 And were my elasticity and fire. 185
 Some dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:

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166. *With whom my muse began, with whom shall end.*
 A re principium, tibi desinet.---" *Virg. Ecl. viii.*
 Αἰὼς ἀρχή μου, καὶ τίς Δία λήξει μου. *The.*
 Prima dicte mihi, summa dicenda Camoena." *Hor.*

VARIATIONS.

177. *Or, if to wit, &c.] In the former edit.*
 Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
 Where rebel to thy throne, if Science rise,
 He does but show her coward face, and dies:
 Where thy good Scholiasts, with unwearied pains,
 Take Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
 Ere studious I unlucky Moderns save,
 Or sleeps one error in it's father's grave,
 And puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.
 The supplying, in the worst of days,
 Is to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.

The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This gray-goose weapon must have made
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside
 Take up the Bible, once my better guide
 Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod
 This box my thunder, this right hand my
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles

VARIATIONS.

Not that my quill to critics was con-
 My verse gave ampler lessons to me
 So gravest precepts may be successful
 But sad examples never fail to move
 As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

r bidst thou rather party to embrace?
 A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
 'tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
 o Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist).
 I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
 'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?
 r rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 nd cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
 old---to the minister I more incline;
 o serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
 nd see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 2
 v'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 /hat then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 bberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 is brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
 is polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer: 220
 is arch absurd, that wit and fool delights,
 s mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
 ere dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
 nce the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.
 born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
 s damn'd, or to be damn'd; (your father's fault)

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'Tis box my thunder, this right hand my God?]
extra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro."
Virgil, of the Gods of Mezentius.

VARIATIONS.

Hold---to the minister.] In the former edition:
 to my country I my pen consign,
 from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.
'born in sin, &c.] In the former edition:
 my Children! better thus expire
 'd, unsold; thus glorious mount in fire

Sent with a pass and vagrant through
 Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-mon
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for vil
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-hou
 Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your sir

REMARKS.

v. 231. ---*gratis-given Bland*,---*Sent* :
 was a practice so to give the Daily Gazette
 terial pamphlets, (in which this B. wa
 to send them post-free to all the towns

v. 233. ---*with Ward, to Ape-and-monke*
 " ward Ward, a very voluminous poe
 " verse, but best known by the Londo
 " He has of late years kept a public ho
 " (but in a genteel way) and with hi
 " and good liquor, (ale) afforded his g

VARIATIONS.

Fair without spot, than greas'd by g
 Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-n

O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest! 240
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
 Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face;
 And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
 Then lights the structure with averted eyes;
 The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
 Th' op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250

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"able entertainment; especially those of the High-church party." *Jacob, Lives of Poets*, vol. II. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations. Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the City, but in Moorfields.
 v. 238, 240. ---*Tate*---*Shadwell*.] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

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v. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the former edit.
 Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,

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v. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand.*] Ovid, or Althæa, on a like occasion, burning her offspring:
 "Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
 "Coepit a quater tenuit."
 v. 150. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] "-----Jam Deiphobi dedit amplâ ruinam,
 "Vulcano superante domos; jam proximus ardet
 "Ucalegon."

When the last blaze sent them to the
Rous'd by the light, Old Dulness
Then snatcht a sheet of Thule from
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er
Down sink the flames, and with a hi

Her ample presence fills up all the
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when c
She looks, and breathes herself into t
She bids him wait her to her sacred d
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race
Ascend, and recognize their native pl

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In one quick flash see Proserpine
And last his own cold *Æschylus*

This the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quiddnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 275
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
 And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
 How random thoughts, now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind: 276
 How prologues into prefaces decay,
 And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
 How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280
 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

REMARKS.

v. 286. --- *Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced), or Theobald, (as written), was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called *The Censor*, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under-spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper

IMITATIONS.

v. 267. *This the Great Mother, &c.*]

"Urbs antiqua fuit-----

"Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam

"Post habita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma.

"Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse

"(Si qua fata sinaut) jam tum tenditque foretque." Virg. *Æn.* 1

" to the play-house, who hath lately --
 " Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translat
 " fellow is concerned in an impertinent
 " The Censor." *Dennis*, Rem. on Pope's II
 r. 286. --- *O ill.* " Mr. John Ozell (if v
 Jacob) " did go to school in Leicester
 " somebody left him something to live
 " shall retire from business. He was desig
 " to Cambridge, in order for priesthood;
 " rather to be placed in an office of accoun
 " being qualified for the same by his ski
 " tic, and writing the necessary hands. I
 " the world with many translations
 " plays." *Jacob*, Lives of Dram. Poet
 Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seen
 of his merits, and he ought to have furth
 him, having since fully confuted all s
 learning and genius, by an advertiseme
 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Med
 " to my learning, this envious wretch kr
 " body knows, that the whole Bench of

ch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
son! the Promis'd Land expects thy reign.
now, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
where no critics damn, no duns molest, 295
where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
High-born Howard, more majestic sire,
th fool of quality complete the quire.

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We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimony as those of the Bench of Bishops, Mr. Toland, and Gildon.

296.---*Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, of the last age, bred at St. Omer's, and the Jesuits; but renouncing Popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the rules of reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Pope very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet the life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another called The New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled The Complete Art of English Poetry in two Volumes; and others.

297.---*Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

VARIATIONS.

293.---*Knew Eusden, &c.*] In the former editions: now Settle cloy'd with custard and with praise, gather'd to the dull of ancient days; where no critics damn, no duns molest, where Gildon, Banks, and High-born Howard rest. See a king I who leads my chosen sons, to lands that flow with clenchs and with puns: till each fam'd theatre my empire own; 'Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
line II. L

The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy-j
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead c
Light-arm'd with points, antithes
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my dai
Support his front, and Oaths brin
And under his, and under Archer
Gaming and Grub-street skulk be

O! when shall rise a monarch a
And I, a nursing-mother, rock th
'Twixt prince and people, close th
Shade him from light, and cover
Fatten the courtier, starve the lea
And suckle armies, and dry-nurs
'Till senates nod to lullabies divi
And all be sleep, as at an ode of t

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat;
 God save King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note. 320
 Familiar White's, God save King Colley! cries;
 God save King Colley! Drury-lane replies:
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
 Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325
 And Coll! each butcher rars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great forefather, Ogilby)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog, 329
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

REMARKS.

v. 324. *But pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill-used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

The Argument.

The Kine being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person as the games Pithia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, *Odyssey* XXIV. proposed the prizes in honour of Father Jove the Poets and Critics, attended, as is Patrons and Book-sellers. The Goddess is first pleased to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up post, which they intend to overtake. The races discover accidents. Next the game for a Poetess. Then rises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the arts and practices of Dedication, the second of Disputes, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party: the Critics the Goddess proposes (with great propriety of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the work authors, the one in verse, and the other in prose without sleeping; the various effects of which, with and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till not of Critics only, but of Spectators, Actors, and asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the Game.

r that where on her Curls the Public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
 Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 He conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Fix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
 His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 Few edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 From the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns, 11
 Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide waving circled round,
 Come in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15
 Crown'd on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

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v. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jest which the Court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is

IMITATIONS.

1. *High on a gorgeous seat.*] Parody of Milton, Book II.
 " High on a throne of royal state, that far
 " Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 " Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 " Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
 " Satan exalted sate." -----

In silks, in crapes, in garters, and i
From drawing-rooms, from college
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gi
All who true Dunces in her cause
And all who knew those Dunces to
Amid that area wide they took th
Where the tall May-pole once o'e
But now (so Anne and Piety ordai
A church collects the saints of Dru
With authors, stationers obey'd :
(The field of glory is a field for all)
Glory and gain, th' industrious trib
And gentle dulness ever loves a jok
A poet's form she plac'd before thei
And bade the nimblest racer seize t

No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days. 40
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
 But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50
 All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
 Other's a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame:

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- " Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram
 " In faciem Aeneae (visu mirabile monstrum!)
 " Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jutasque
 " Divini assimilat capitis-----
 " -----Dat inania verba,
 " Dat sine mente sonum-----"

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiarist. There seems to me a great propriety in this episode, where such a one is imagined by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting bookseller.

v. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise.*]

" Vix illud lecti bis sex-----

" Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

Virg. Æn. XII.

Stood dauntless Curl; " Behold th

REMARKS.

v. 53. *Bullofy Lintol.*] We enter
sode of the Booksellers; persons, w
more known and famous in the l
those of the Authors in this Poem,
less explanation. The action of
imitates that of Dares in Virgil,
manner to lay hold on a bull. This
ler printed the Rival Modes before :

v. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl.*] We co
racter of much respect, that of Mr. l
a plain repetition of great actions is
them, we shall only say of this emi
carried the trade many lengths beyon
fore had arrived at; and that he was
miration of all his profession. He
of a command over all authors wh
them to write what he pleased; the
their very names their own. He wa
among these he was taken notice

The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won ;
 So take the hindmost, Hell," he said, and run. 60
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
 Vide as a windmill all his figure spread,

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resent (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Eneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic. After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our Author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations : many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writ-

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v. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell.]*

Occupet extremum scabies ; mihi turpe relinquist." *Hor. de Arte.*

v. 61, &c.] Something like this is in Homer, Iliad 6. ver. 220, of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following ; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, adorned (and as the critics well know) from familiar life ; the second, of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer.

v. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head.]*

-----So eagerly the Fiend

O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' streight, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way ;
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.;

Milton, Book II.

Her ev'ning cates before his neigh
Her fortun'd Curl to slide; loud
And Bernard! Bernard! rings thr

REMARKS.

ings; witness innumerable instances only to mention the Court meant to publish as the work of lady of quality; but being first thwards punished for it by Mr. P transferred it from her to him, and in his name. The single time th C. was on that affair, and to tha owed all the favours since received is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, “ be, at some time or other, the be “ having but seen or spoken to a g v. 70.---*Curl's Corinna.*] This na taken by one Mrs. T-----, who pr

IMITATIONS

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 'The catiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any god's, or more; 80
 And him and his, if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his seat, two spacious vents appear. 85
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply; 90
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
 Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.

REMARKS.

letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen, to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgements of men and books, and only excuseable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

IMITATIONS.

v. 83. *A place there is betwixt air, earth, and seas.*
 "Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
 "Coelestesque plagas."----- Ovid. Met. x.

Where as he fish'd her nether realms
She oft had favour'd him, and favour
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force
As oil'd with magic juices for the cou
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia
Imbibes new life, and scours and stin
Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of hi

And now the victor stretch'd his ea
Where the tall Nothing stood, or see
A shapeless shade, it melted from his
Like forms in clouds, or visions of th
'To seize his papers, Curl, was next t
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in

IMITATIONS.

Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift:
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ: 120
 Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought!
 Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught. 125
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:

REMARKS.

v. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests, he had owned.

v. 124. ---like *Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.---Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.---"Bond writ a
 "satire against Mr. P---, Capt. Breval was author of
 "The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic perform-
 "ance, to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot,
 "and some ladies of quality," says Curl, Key, p. 11.

v. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers, and printers of so much anonymous stuff.

v. 128. *Joseph Gay.*] A fictitious name, put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.---The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

As the ...

By names of toasts retails each name
(Whence hapless Monsieur much compla
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Mar
Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior, and Corcanen Swift
So shall each hostile name become our or
And we, too, boast our Garth and Addis
With that she gave him (piteous of h
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

REMARKS.

v. 138. *Cook shal' be Prior.*] The man
writ a thing called the Battle of Po
Philips and Welsted were the heroes,
Popc u' erly routed. He also published
leat things in the British, London, a
nals: and, at the same time, wrote
— protesting his innocence. His

A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
 On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
 Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fate her confessors endure. 146
 Earless on high stood unbash'd De Foe,
 And Tutch in flagrant from the scourge below:
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As from the blanket, high in air he flies,

REMARKS.

v. 144.---*Dunton's modern bed.*] John Dunton was a broken Bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

v. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly Paper, called The Observer: he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

v. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying-post, and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled and were so.

v. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known.

IMITATIONS.

- v. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*
 "Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis--
 "Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit,
 [Achate]
 "Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"
 M iij Virg. Æn

See in the circle next. *Eliza* p. 111
Two babes of love close clinging
Fair as before her works she stan
In flow'rs, and pearls, by bounte

REMARKS.

Of his purging and vomiting, se
count of a horrid revenge on th
Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's M

v. 157. *See on the circle next Eliza*
wood: this woman was authores
dalous books called *The Court of*
New Utopia. For the two Babe
Key, p. 22. But whatever reflect
throw upon this Lady, surely it
she little deserved, who had cele
takings for reformation of manne
self "to be so perfectly 'acquainte
" of his disposition, and that te
" he considered the errors of his fe
" though she should find the li

The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky,
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
Replenish, not ingloriously at home."
Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
ho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)

REMARKS.

. 167. *Osborne, Thomas.*] A bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; before placed here instead of a less-deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year or two, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription-books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was about the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value. Upon this advertisement the *Gazetteer* harangued him, July 6, 1759: "How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked or sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest poet that lived in 1738! and than whom Virtue has not had a shriller trumpeter for many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed can be denied by none, but that you and your works are now despised is verified by this act:" which being utterly false, did not indeed humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.

IMITATIONS.

163.-----von Juno
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]
Allusion to Homer's Βοῦπις ὠτ' ὡς ἰ. p. 1.
165. *This China jordan.*
Tertius Argolica nunc gulea contentus abito.
M. ii] Virg. *Æn.* VI.

(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be
 A second effort brought but new disgrace
 The wild meander wash'd the artist's face
 Thus the small jett, which hasty hands
 Spirits in the gard'ner's eyes who turns
 Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er
 So (fain'd like thee for turbulence and
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;

IMITATIONS.

In the games of Homer, Iliad XXIII. together as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as Mrs. Haywood and a jordan. But there in value is given to the kettle, at which crier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is her distinction, and acknowledged to be the of the two.

v. 16, 170. *One on his manly confidence.*

half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
 waters in their passage burn.
 it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
 y Impudence obtains the prize. 186
 mph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
 leas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
 through perfect modesty o'ercome,
 with the jordan, walks contented home.
 v for authors nobler palms remain; 191
 my Lord! three jockies in his train;
 men with a shout precede his chair:
 and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
 ir's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
 s this patron who can tickle best."
 ks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
 dy quills the Dedicators wait;
 s head the dext'rous task commence,
 ant, Fancy feels th' imputed sense; 200
 le touches wanton o'er his face,
 Adonis, and affects grimace:
 feather to his ear conveys;
 nice taste directs our operas:

REMARKS.

Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and
 many operas in that language, which, partly

IMITATIONS.

mina auratus taurina cornua vultu,
 nus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
 are purpureum violentior influit amnis."
 fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed
 kies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:
 'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 e fame in thine, like lesser currents lost,
 obler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
 e among the stars, and bathe the gods."

by the help of his genius, prevailed in twenty years. He taught Italian to some men, who affected to direct the opera v. 275. *Bentley bin mss. b, &c.*] Not so much Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one, a small critic, who aped his uncle. The great one was intended to be dedicated to Halifax, but (on a change of the mind) to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason it was dedicated to his son the Lord Halifax. v. 207.---*Deleted.*] Leonard Welster's *Triumvirate*; or, A Letter in verse from Celia at Bath, which was meant for a friend, and some of his friends, about the year 1700. Other things which we cannot remember in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, in his *Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator*, or another in praise either of a cell or of a well. L. W. characterised in the treatise *The Art of Sinking*, as a didapper, and said to be this person by Dennis.]

THE DUNCIAD.

141

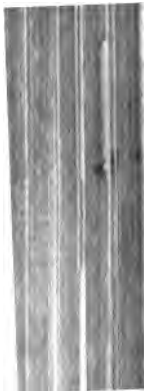
Welsted! thy unfeeling master, 209
 thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
 thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 sensations skip from vein to vein.
 unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 fast refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
 ce have pious vows! The Queen of Love
 sends, her vot'ress from above. 216
 t by Venus, Paris learnt the art
 Achilles' only tender part;
 through her, the noble prize to carry,
 es off, his Grace's secretary. 220
 to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
 n, my Sons, the wondrous pow'r of Noise,
 , to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
 akespeare's nature, or with Johnson's art,
 's aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul 225
 under rumbling from the mustard bowl;
 ns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 c in sorrows with a tolling bell!
 py arts attention can command
 ancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230

REMARKS.

lab'ring on for want of eyes,
 unders into light, and dies."
 e him again in Book III. ver. 169.

IMITATIONS.

225. *To move, to raise, &c.*
 'others aim; 'tis yours to shake, &c.]
 ident alii spirantia mollis aera,
 equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
 ere imperio populos Romane, memento,
 ibi erunt artes."-----



Now thousand tongues are
The monkey-mimics rush di
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, r
And Noise and Norton, Bran
Dennis and dissonance, and c
And snip-snap short, and int
And demonstration thin, and
And major, minor, and concl
Hold, (cry'd the Queen) a ca
Equal your merits! equal is y
But that this well-disputed ga
Sound forth, my Brayers, and
As when the long-ear'd mil
At some sick miser's triple-bo
For their defrauded, absent foa
A moan so loud that all the

So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
 High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose; 256
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
 There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whi'field!
 But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain; [thine.
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
 In Tot'nam-fields the Brethren with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!

REMARKS.

v. 258.---*Webster---and, Whi'fe'd.*] The one the writer of a newspaper called *The Weekly Miscellany*, the other a field-preacher. *This* thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of spiritual madness; *that* by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no otherearthy thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons,

IMITATIONS.

v. 260.---*bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

“Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.”

Georg. III.

“He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,

“While neighb'ring hills low back to them again.”

Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *armour, war, &c.* In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our Author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

v. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!*]

“Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juventa.”

Virg. Ecl. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place; and the

Who sings so loudly,

This labour past, by Bridewell all d
(As morning pray'r and flagellation e
To where Fleet-ditch, with disembo
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to
The king of dykes! than whom no sh
With deeper sable blots the silver floo
" Here strip, my Children! here at o
" Here prove who best can dash thro'
" And who the most in love of dirt e
" Or dark dexterity of groping well :
" Who flings most filth, and wide po
" The stream, be his the Weekly Jour

REMARKS.

we may learn how little hurtful bigot
asm are, while the civil magis'trate pr
the one in order

f lead to him who dives the best;
 of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
 d majesty Oldmixon stands,
 -like, surveys his arms and hands;
 ing thus, "And am I now threescore? 28;
 /, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"
 nd climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
 e black abyss, and plung'd downright:
 r's judgment all the crowd admire,
 to sink the deeper rose the higher. 290
 nedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
 ng mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
 all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
 n vain resounds through all the coast.

REMARKS.

In naked Majesty Oldmixon stands.] Mr. John
 , next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient cri-
 nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison
 se Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imi-
 bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhe-
 misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in-
 ites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by
 ere there is not the least hint of it; and in p.
 injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison him-
 at Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simi-
 It is as great as ever entered into the mind of
 In poetry he was not so happy as laborious,
 therefore characterized by the Tatler, No.
 the name of Omicron, the unborn poet."---

IMITATIONS.

Then sighing, thus, And am I now threescore? &c.]
 que Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
 eis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos." Ovid.
And call on Smedley lost, &c.]

wept in vain for Hylas lost,
 in vain, resounds through all the coast.
 ord Roscom. Translat. of Ecl. vi. of Virgil.
 V.

judge, Mr. Jacob, ...

In his Essay on Criticism, and Rhetoric, he frequently re-
But the top of his character was
in that scandalous one of the S.
Critical History of England
Being employed by Bishop Ke-
historians in his collection, he
nicle in numberless places. Y
preface to the first of these bo-
lar fact to charge three emine-
the Lord Clarendon's Histor-
disproved by Dr. Atterbury, I
then the only survivor of the
part he pretended to be falsi-
almost ninety years, in the
manuscript. He was all his
writer for hire, and received
place, which he enjoyed to his
v. 291. Next Smedley div'd.
tions, this whole episode was
if they

He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep; 300
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

REMARKS.

spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our Poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal invectives.

v. 299. *Concanen.*] Mathew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profound*, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem, in some degree, accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece, somebody humourously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribbler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which this man

VARIATIONS.

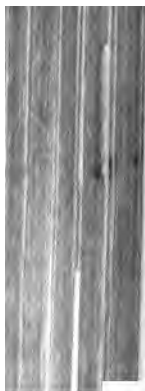
After ver. 298. in the first edit. followed these:

Far worse unhappy D---r succeeds,
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

IMITATIONS.

v. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore.*]

"Nec bonus Eurytian praelato invidit honori," &c.
N ij Virg. *Æt*



ASK ye their names? I cou
The names of these blind p
Fast by, like Niobe (her cl
Sits Mother Osborne, stup
And monumental brass thi
“ These are, ah no! these
Not so bold Arnall; wit
Furious he drives, precipit.

REMA
was surprizingly promoted
law in Jamaica.

v. 312. *Osborne.*] A name
gravest of these writers, w
his pupils, gave his paper
mained silent.

v. 315. *Arnall.*] William
was a perfect genius in this
under twenty, with furious

Whirlpools and storms in circling arm invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the Journal and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one layman place.
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325
 Slow rose a form in majesty of Mud;
 Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in;

REMARKS.

“ ninety-seven pounds, six shillings and eightpence
 “ out of the Treasury.” But, frequently, through his
 fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his com-
 mission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow
 his scurrilities.

v. 323. *The plunging Prelate, &c.*] It having been in-
 vidiously insinuated, that by this title was meant a
 truly great prelate, as respectable for his defence of the
 present balance of power in the Civil constitution, as
 for his opposition to the scheme of no power at all, in
 the Religious, I owe so much to the memory of my
 deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before
 his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called

IMITATIONS.

v. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares.*]
Virg. Æn. VI. of the Sibyl.

“ ----majorque videri,
 “ *Nec mortale sonans*” ----

A branch of Styx here rises from the earth
 That tinctured as it runs with Lethe's stream
 And wafting vapours from the land of death
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames; and hence the mix'd
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave
 Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple come
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink
 Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards
 They led him soft; each rev'rend bard
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the reeve
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and

REMARKS.

it vile and malicious; as any candid
 might understand, by his having paid
 alms to this very prelate in another d.

“ Receive (he said) these robes, which once were mine ;

“ Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.”

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crow'd confess

The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.

Around him wide a sable army stand, 355

A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint, or damn,

Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any god, or man.

Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known

Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, [Fleet,

Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays, 361

In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :

So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,

Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

Here stopt the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims 365

A gentler exercise to close the games.

“ Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,

“ I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;

“ Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,

“ My H---ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ;

“ Attend the trial we propose to make : 371

“ If there be man who o'er such works can wake,

“ Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,

“ And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;

“ To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit 375

“ Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;

REMARKS.

were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the *Dunciad* against our Author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him.

And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle reader
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with in
Till all tun'd equal send a gen'ral hum
Then mount the clerks, and in one laz
Through the long, heavy, painful page
Soft creeping, words on words, the sen
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn,
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow
Their heads, and lift them as they cea
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head d
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs
And now to this side, now to that the
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy
That a Duke should speak but th

Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's no kingdom bare*. 400
 Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum;
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
 Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
 One circle first, and then a second makes;
 What dulness dropt among her sons imprest,
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the midmost the nutation spreads,
 Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*. 410

REMARKS.

man since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

v. 399. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the *Atheist's Liturgy*, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*.

VARIATIONS.

v. 399. In the first edition it was,
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer.

IMITATIONS.

v. 382. *And smit with love of poetry and prate.*] "Smit with the love of sacred song---" Milton.

v. 384. *The berces sit, the vulgar form a ring.*] "Consedere duces, et vulg. stante corona." Ovid. Met. XIII.

v. 410. *O'er all the sea of heads.*]

"A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
 "And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed." Blackm. Job.

Hung silent down his never-blushing h
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay c

REMARKS.

He also wrote an abusive pamphlet ag
which was suppressed while yet in MS.
person, then out of the ministry, to w
it, expecting his approbation. This Do
published the same piece, *mutatis mutand*
very person.

v. 411. *Centlivre.*] Mrs. Susanna Cen
Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth
She writ many plays, and a song (says
I. p. 32.) before she was seven years
writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Home
gan it.

v. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the sta*
Boyer, a voluminous compiler of anna
lections, &c. William Law, A. M. w
zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis ar
Their books were printed in 17

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
 And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay. 420
 Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
 Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!
 How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425
 And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
 While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
 (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat?

REMARKS.

za, he calls himself by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher.

Ibid. Mandeville.] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an immoral philosopher, was author of a famous book called *The Fable of the Bees*: written to prove, That moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.

v. 415. *Norton.*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus*: one of the Authors of the *Flying Post*, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters, and of many hired scurrilities, and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper place
deus transports the King to her Temple, and there he
with his head on her lap; a possessor of marvellous vi-
sions of wind enthusiasts, projectors, politi-
cians, builders, chemists, and poets. He is immed-
iately on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to
where, on the banks of the Lethe, the souls of
Bavius, before their entrance into this world, of
sheer of Sertie, and by him made acquainted wit-
place, and with those which he himself is destined
him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shows
of the Empire of Dulia, then the present, and
small a part of the world was ever conquered by
conquests were stopped, and those very nations
minion. Then distinguishing the Island of
what ails, by what persons, and by what de-
vices. Some of the persons he
shows, each by his pro-
pensity, and shifts,

Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew:
 Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
 Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
 Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
 The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
 And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing conveyed,
 The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.
 A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along, 15
 In lofty madness meditating song;
 Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)

REMARKS.

v. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

"I must confess I do want eloquence,
 "And never scarce did learn my Accidence;

IMITATIONS.

v. 7, 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods.*]

"Et varias audit voces, fructurque deorum
 "Colloquio."----- *Virg. Æn. VIII.*

v. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl, &c.*]

Conclamat vates-----

"-----Furens antro se immisit aperto." *Virg.*

“ For having got from *possum* to *passet*,
 “ I there was gravell'd, could no farther
 He wrote fourscore books in the reign of
 Charles I and afterwards (like Edward
 an alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in
 v. 21. *Benlowes*.] A country gentleman
 his own bad poetry, and for patronizing
 may be seen from many Dedications
 others to him. Some of these aneagr
Benlowes into *Eenevolus*; to verify whi
 whole estate upon them.
 v. 22. And *Shadwell* nods, the poppy,
 took opium for many years, and die
 dove, in the year 1692.
 v. 24. Old Bavius sits.] Bavius was
 celebrated by Virgil for the like cau
 Author, though not in so Christi
 for heathenishly it is declared by Vi
 he hated and detested
 whereas we hav

and blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull . . . 25
 of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
 instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
 Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day. . . 30
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory. . . 34
 Wond'ring he gaz'd: when, lo; a sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 His only suit) for twice three years before:
 All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
 In new state, another yet the same. . . 40

REMARKS.

v. 28. --- *Browne and Mears.*] Booksellers, printers for any body.---The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, sufficiently intelligible.

v. 34.---*Ward in pillory.*] John Ward, of Hackney, sq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727.

IMITATIONS.

v. 28.-----*unbar thy gates of light.*] An hemistich of Milton.

v. 31, 32. *Millions and Millions---Thick as the stars, &c.*]

“ Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo

“ Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto

“ Quam multae glomerantur aves,” &c.

Virg. Æn. VI.

O ij

Behold me

Thou, yet unborn, has seen

The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er a

But blind to former as to future fate,

What mortal knows his pre-existent state

Who knows how long thy transmigrat

Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll ?

How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd

How many stages through old monks

And all who since, in wild benighted d

Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bay

As man's meanders to the vital spring

Roll all their tides, then back their cir

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skillf

Suck the thread in, then yield it out

All nonsense thus, of old or modern

From thee centre, from thee circ

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind :
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70
 (Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade !

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science their bright course begun :
 One godlike monarch all that pride confounds, 75
 He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds ;
 Heav'ns ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the South extend thy gladden'd eyes ;
 Their rival flames with equal glory rise ; 80
 From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 And lick up all their physic of the soul.

VARIATIONS.

v. 73. In the former edit.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science *at a birth* begun.
 But as this was thought to contradict that line of the
 Introduction,

In eldest times, e'er mortals writ or read,
 which supposes the sun and science did not set out toge-
 ther, it was altered to *their bright course begun*. But this
 slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

IMITATIONS.

There is a general allusion in what follows to that
 whole episode.

The freezing Danais through a waste
The North by myriads pours her might
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and o
See Alaric's stern port! the martial fr
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fa
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and
See where the morning gilds the palm
(The soil that arts and infant letters t
His conqu'ring tribes the Arabian pro
And saving Ignorance enthrones by h
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabb
And all the Western world believe ar
Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress
Of arts, but thund'ring against Heat
Her gray hair'd steeds damping ho!

Behold yon' isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod, 113
 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
 Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 That once was Britain---Happy! had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
 In peace great goddess ever be ador'd;
 How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
 Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age
 Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
 And see, my Son! the hour is on its way
 That lifts our goddess to imperial sway,
 This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign, . 125
 Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
 Now look through Fate! behold the scene she draws!
 What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
 See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
 In homage to the mother of the sky,

IMITATIONS.

v. 117, 118. *Happy!---bad Easter never been.*]

“Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.”
Virg. Ecl. vi.

v. 127, 129. *Now look through Fate!*

See all her progeny, &c.]

“Nuncage, Dardanium prolem quae deindesequatur

“Gloria, qui maneant, Itala de gente nepotes,

“Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,

“Expeditam.”

Virg. Aen. VI

Mark first that youth who takes the
And thrusts his person full into your face
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, I
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn

A second see, by meeker manners known
And modest as the maid that sips alone
From the strong fate of drams if thou
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in

IMITATIONS.

- v. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.*]
" Felix prole virum, qualis Berecyn-
" Inventor curru Phrygiæ turrita!
" Laeta deum partu, Centum com-
" Omnes coelicolas, omnes superi

v. 120. *Mark first that youth, &c.* ...

thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
 And answ'ring ginshops sourer sighs return.
 Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
 Or less revere him, blunderbuss of Law, 150
 P---p---le's brow, tremendous to the Town,
 Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.

REMARKS.

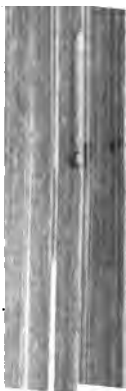
v. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.*
 This gentleman is a son of a considerable malster of
 Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law
 under a very eminent attorney: who, between his
 more laborious studies, has diverted himself with po-
 etry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works;
 which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.
 He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets, Essays,*
 and, a great many Law books, *Accomplished Con-*
veyancer, Modern Justice, &c. Giles Jacob of him-
 self, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grosly, and unpro-
 ked, abused in that Book the Author's friend Mr. Gay.
 v. 152. *Horneck---Room.* These two were virulent

VARIATIONS.

v. 149. In the first edition it was
 Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe,
 And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!
 v. 151. *Lo P---p---le's brow, &c.* In the former edition,
 Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
 Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

IMITATIONS.

v. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free.*
 "-----si qua fata aspera rumpas,
 "Tu Marcellus eris!" *Virg. Æn. VI.*
 v. 147. *These shall each alehouse, &c.*
 "Te nemos Anguitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
 "Te liquidi flevire lacus." *Virg. Æn. VII.*
 iugil again, *Ecl. x.*
 "-----etiam lauri, etiam flevire myricae," &c.
 v. 150. -----"duo fulmina belli
 "Scipidas, cladem Libyae!" *Virg. Æn. VI.*



All crowd, who receive
Some strain in rhyme; the M
Scream like the winding of te
Some free from rhyme, or reas
Break Priscian's head, and Pe

REMARK
party-writers, worthily couple
think, prophetically; since, a
piece the former dying, the la
mour and employment. The
author of a Billingsgate paper
Doctor. Edward Roome wa
funerals in Fleet-street, and w
Pasquin, where, by malicie
voured to represent our Autho
tices with a great man then
liament. Of this man was m
“ You ask why Roome c
“ Yet if he writes as dul

not, start the same, with the same
 e. Pindar, and the same, with the same
 time, as the same, with the same
 & make up the same, with the same
 time, as the same, with the same
 all give up—
 or, Weldon, that the same, with the same
 o' state, as the same, with the same
 sweetly married, with the same
 dy, not alone, with the same

15—*Poling*, James (1711–1780).
 first edition, 1711. The same, with the same
 wearing-pipe, with the same
 ft, Mc Coy, and the same
 g of the same, with the same
 of his own, with the same
 more important, with the same
 son, in the same, with the same
 n of English, with the same
 -17, 1711. He was the same
 age, with the same
 is of the same, with the same
 rd, and the same
 nded at last, with the same
 tical newspaper, with the same
 ient *London*, with the same

166. *And make up*
 Visit that the same, with the same
 Making night, with the same
 69. *Flow, it down*, with the same
 er's Hill:
 O could I flow, with the same
 My great example, with the same
 Tho' deep, with the same
 trong without, with the same

Dull.

Embrace, embrace, ...

Nor glad vile poets with true critics

Behold yon' pair, in strict embraces

How like in manners, and how like in

Equal in wit, and equally polite,

Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler

Like are their merits, like rewards the

That shines a Consul, this Commissi

" But who is he, in closet close y-

" Of sober face, with learned dust be

Right well mine eyes arede the myste

On parchment scrapes y-fed, and W

To future ages may thy dulness last

As thou preserv'st the dulness of th

IMITATIONS.

177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons!*

There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark :
 Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
 A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
 For ever reading, never to be read !

But, where each science lifts its modern type, 195
 Hist'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
 While proud Philosophy repines to show,
 Dishonest sight ! his breeches rent below ;
 Imbrow'd with native bronze, lo ! Henley stands,
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200
 How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung !
 Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
 Oh greater restorer of the good old stage, 205
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age !
 Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !

REMARKS.

v. 199.---*lo ! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the orator ; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other Sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour.

v. 204.---*Sherlock, Hare,---Gibson.*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London ; whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

VARIATIONS.

v. 197.] In the first edition it was,
 And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
 And English music with a dismal score.
 Fast by in darkness palpable insin'd
 W---s, B---r, M---l, all the poring kind.
Volume II. P

n Toland's,

Yet, oh, my sons! a nation
(So may the Fates preserve the ears you
'Tis yours a Bacon, or a Locke to blame
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame
But, oh! with one, immortal one, dispense
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he
Each heart he prompts, each charm he
Whate'er he gives are giv'n for you to
Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd
But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn
Thus he, for then a ray of reason
Half through the solid darkness of
But soon the cloud return'd---and
Dulness, and her S

And look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
 All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth;
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
 What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
 wrought? 250

Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look and find
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
 Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,

IMITATIONS.

v. 244. *And other planets.*]

"-----Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt."-----

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.*]

"Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus agrum." Hor.

v. 251. *See, what thou seekest is in thee!*]

"Quod petis in te est-----"

"-----Ne te quaesiveris extra."

The freezing Tanais through . . .

The North by myriads pours her mighty sor
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Hun

See Alaric's stern port ! the martial frame
Of Genseric ! and Attila's dread name !

See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ;

See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !

See where the morning gilds the palmy shore

(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)

His conqu'ring tribes the Arabian prophet d

And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws.

See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath kee

And all the Western world believe and slee

Lo ! Rome herself, proud mistress now n

Of arts, but thund'ring against Heathen lo

And synods damning books un

d yon' isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod, 113
 rded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 atch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
 ummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 ce was Britain---Happy! had she seen
 er sons, had Easter never been.
 : great goddess ever be ador'd;
 en the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
 sit not thy own! on this bless'd age
 d thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
 ee, my Son! the hour is on its way
 s our goddess to imperial sway,
 'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign, . 125
 ce, she gathers to her wings again.
 ok through Fate! behold the scene she draws!
 ids, what armies, to assert her cause!
 er progeny, illustrious sight!
 and count them, as they rise to light. 130
 cynthia, while her offspring vie
 ge to the mother of the sky,

IMITATIONS.

, 118. *Happy!---bad Easter never been.*
 fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent."
 Virg. Ecl. vi.

, 129. *Now look through Fate!*
all her progeny, &c.]
 ncage, Dardanium prolem quae deindesequatur
 ria, qui maneant, Italia de gente nepotes,
 istres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras
 pediam."
 Virg. Æn. vi.

Shall come.

And her Parnassus grow.

Behold an hundred sons, and each a son.

Mark first that youth who takes the fo
And thrusts his person full into your face
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners know
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou ge
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in th

IMITATIONS.

v. 131. *As Berecynthia, &c.*]

" Felix prole virum, qualis Berecyr

" Inveitur curru Phrygias turrita p

" Laeta deum partu, Centum comp

" Omnes coelicolas, omnes super 2

Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
And answ'ring ginshops sourer sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law, 150
Lo P---p---le's brow, tremendous to the Town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.

REMARKS.

v. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.*]
“ This gentleman is a son of a considerable malister of
“ Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law
“ under a very eminent attorney: who, between his
“ more laborious studies, has diverted himself with po-
“ etry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works;
“ which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.
“ He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets, Essays,*
“ and, a great many Law books, *Accomplished Con-*
“ veyancer, *Modern Justice,*” &c. Giles Jacob of him-
self, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grosly, and unpro-
voked, abused in that Book the Author's friend Mr. Gay.

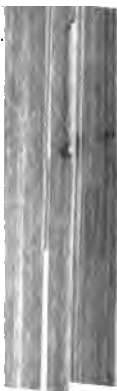
v. 152. *Horneck---Roome.*] These two were virulent

VARIATIONS.

v. 149. In the first edition it was
Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe,
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!
v. 151. *Lo P---p---le's brow, &c.*] In the former edition,
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

IMITATIONS.

v. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free.*]
“ -----si qua fata aspera rumpas,
“ Tu Marcellus eris!” *Virg. Æn. VI.*
v. 147. *These shall each alehouse, &c.*]
“ Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
“ Te liquidi flevæ lacus.” *Virg. Æn. VII.*
Virgil again, Ecl. x.
“ -----etiam lauri, etiam flevæ myricæ.” &c.
v. 150. -----“ duo fulmina belli
“ Scipidas, cladem Libyæ!” *Virg. Æn.*



All crowns,

Some strain in rhyme; the Mu
Scream like the winding of ten
Some free from rhyme, or reasc
Break Priscian's head, and Peg

REMARKS

party-writers, worthily coupled
think, prophetically; since, at
piece the former dying, the latt
mour and employment. The fi
author of a Billingsgate paper
Doctor. Edward Roome was
funerals in Fleet-street, and wri
Pasquin, where, by maliciou
voured to represent our Author
tices with a great man then
liant. Of this man was ma

" You ask why Roome di

" Yet if he writes as dull

" ... wonder at it---Th

Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl. 164

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous---Answer him, ye Owls!

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way---and Morris may be read.

Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear; 170

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;

Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.

REMARKS.

v. 15.---*Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines alluded to a thing of his entitled *Night*, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the *Journals*, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English Poets printed in a *London Journal*, Sept. 17, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the *Rules of dramatic poetry* before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, "Shakespeare writ without rules." He ended at last, in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay.

IMITATIONS.

v. 166. *And maker right hideous.*-----]

"Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,

"Making night hideous."

Shakesp.

v. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow! &c.*] Parody on Denham, *Cooper's Hill*:

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

"My great example, as it is my theme:

"Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;

"Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full!"

Nor glad vile poets with true c

Behold yon' pair, in strict e

How like in manners, and how

Equal in wit, and equally poli

Shall this a Pasquin, that a G

Like are their merits, like rew

That shines a Consul, this Co

“ But who is he, in closet c

“ Of sober face, with learned

Right well mine eyes arede th

On parchment scrapes y-fed, a

To future ages may thy dulce

As thou preserv'st the dulness

IMITATI

v. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my*
Virg. Æn. VI.

“ -----Ne tanta animis as

“ Neu patriæ validas in vis

“ Tuque prior, tu parce---

v. 179. *Behold yon' pair, in stri*
Virg. Æn. VI.

Here, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark:
 ts, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
 umberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
 ever reading, never to be read!
 ut, where each science lifts its modern type, 195
 t'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
 ile proud Philosophy repines to show,
 honest sight! his breeches rent below;
 rown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
 ning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200
 w fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
 w sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
 I break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
 hile Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
 greater restorer of the good old stage, 205
 acher at once, and Zany of thy age!
 worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
 lecent priest, where monkeys were the gods!

REMARKS.

. 199.---*lo! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the orator;
 preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters,
 on the Wednesdays upon all other Sciences. Each
 ritor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years
 inst the greatest persons, and occasionally did our
 thor that honour.

. 204.---*Sherlock, Hare,---Gibson.*] Bishops of Salisbu-
 Chichester, and London; whose Sermons and Pasto-
 Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

VARIATIONS.

. 197.] In the first edition it was,
 And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
 And English music with a dismal score.
 Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
 W---s, B---r, M---l., all the poring kind.
Volume II. P

And

n Toland's, I am

Yet, oh, my sons! a father

(So may the Fates preserve the ears you

'Tis yours a Bacon, or a Locke to blame,

A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame.

But, oh! with one, immortal one, dispe

The source of Newton's light, of Bacon

Content, each emanation of his fires

That beams on earth, each virtue he in

Each heart he prompts, each charm he

Whate'er he gives are giv'n for you to

Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd

But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to se

Thus he, for then a ray of reason

Half through the solid darkness of

— soon the cloud return'd---and

—fulness, and her S

—

And look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
 All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth;
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
 A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
 Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
 Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns.
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
 What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
 wrought? 250

Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look and find
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
 Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with fiery gold,

IMITATIONS.

v. 244. *And other planets.*]

"-----Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt."-----

Virg. Æn. VI.

v. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.*]

"Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum." Hor.

v. 251. *Son, what thou seekest is in thee!*]

"Quod petis in te est-----"

"-----Ne te quaesiveris extra."

Her magic charm
 Yon' stars, yon' suns, he rears
 Illumes their light, and sets their flame
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
 Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm
 But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
 New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount and ride

REMARKS.

v. 161. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. Johr
 the theatre-royal in Covent-garden
 excelled this way.

v. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber w
 theatre in Drury-lane.

Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; 270
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee! these wonders are thy own.
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
 Foreseen by me, but, ah! with-held from mine.
 In Lud's old walls, though long I rul'd renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
 Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280
 Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
 Though long my party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285
 Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
 Avert in Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.

VARIATIONS.

After v. 274. in the former edit. followed,
 For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
 None but thyself can be thy parallel.

After v. 284. in the former edit. followed,
 Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

Thou shalt . . .

And ev'ry year be dunn'd . . .

Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to

Her seat imperial Dulness shall trans

Already Opera prepares the way,

The sure forerunner of her gentle swa

Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice

The third mad passion of thy doting a

Teach thou the warling Polypheme t

And scream thyself as none e'er scre

To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou car

Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus.

Pluto with Cato, thou for this shalt

And link the Mourning Bride to F

Grub street! thy fall should men :

Thy stage shall stand, insure it b

— Aeschylus appears ! pre

3, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes :
 Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320
 following signs lead on the mighty year!
 the dull stars roll round, and re-appear.
 see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
 Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
 poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ! 325
 Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!

REMARKS.

v. 325. *On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!* W---m Benson (Surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling; whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords upon this, were

VARIATIONS.

v. 323. *See, see her own, &c.* In the former edit. Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear the bays,
 Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
 Benson, sole judge of architecture sit,
 And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for wit!
 I see th' unfinished Dormitory wall,
 I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
 Hibernian politicks, O Swift! thy doom,
 And Pope's translating three whole years with
 Proceed, great days, &c. [Broome.

IMITATIONS.

v. 319, 320. *This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,
 The Augustus, &c.]*
 "Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
 "Augustus Cæsar, divum genus aurea condet
 "Secula qui rursus Latio, regnota per arva
 "Saturnio quondam"---- Virg. Æn. VI.
*Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned,
 I. ver. 26.*

going upon an assurance
such a misrepresentation; but
then Secretary, gave them an assurance
would remove him, which was done in
favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren
had been architect to the crown for above 40 years
built most of the churches in London, the church
of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, he was removed
from his employment at the age of near 70.
v. 326. --- *Ambrose Philips.* "He was
"one of the wits at Button's, and a Justicer of the Peace.
But he hath since met with higher preferment
and a much greater character we have in
Johnson's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. I. p. 101.
"he confesses, he dares not set him on
"foot with Virgil, lest it should seem
"much mistaken if posterity does
"greater esteem than he at present enjoys.
"He is now employed to create some misunderstanding
Author and Mr. Addison, whom also he has
slandered as much. His constant cry was,
"that the government: and in re-

Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

REMARKS.

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applause. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the Town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto. *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

VARIATIONS.

v. 331. In the former edit. thus:

O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's translating ten whole years with Broome.
On which was the following note: "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fl
Till Burch shall blush with noble bloo
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever
Till Westminster's whole year be holi
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in Port

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Mon
And through the iv'ry gate the vision

REMARKS.

v. 333. *Proceed, great days! &c.*—Till
&c.] Another great prophet of Dulness, o
promiseth those days to be near at hand
“(saith he) licensed bishops to license m
“to instruct youth in the knowledge of th
“their religion, &c. The schools and u
“soon be tired and ashamed of classics,
“pery.” Hutchinson's *Use of Reason* t

VARIATIONS.

“dertaking of the *Odyssey*: in which M
“ing engaged without any previous a
“charged his part so much to Mr. Pop
“that he gratified him with the full some
“pounds, and a present of all those boo

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

Poet being, in this Book to declare the completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the later poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy Order and Peace, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she is captive the sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be to succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers, lunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commands and encourages both. The first who speak in firm are the Geniuses of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by convincing youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, assure her, that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by word of young gentlemen returned from Travel with the Tutors; one whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their Travels, presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously and induces him with the happy quality of want of Shame. She seeing about her a number of indolent Persons abandoning all business, duty, and dying with laziness; to these approaches the antiquary Irius, intreating her to make them Virtuoses, and assign them over to him; but Muminius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent breeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter up a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another.

when sneaks in the name of the rest. They
principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the
admitted to taste the cup of the Marus her
a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, m
her admits she sends Priests, Attendants, ar
kind; concern on their Orders, and Degrees;
with a speech, confirming to each his Privile, e
jests from each, conclude with a Yawn of extr
gress and erect whereto on all orders of men,
all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conc

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray
Induige, dread Chaos, and eternal N
Of darkness visible so much be lent
As half to shew, half veil the deep i
Ye Pow'rs! whose mysteries restor
'To whom Time bears me on his ray
Suspend a while your force inertly
Then take at once the Poet and the

Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
 To blot out order, and extinguish light,
 Of dull and venal a new world to mould, 15
 And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

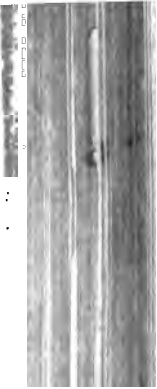
She mounts the throne : her head a cloud conceal'd,
 In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
 'Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
 Soft on her lap her Laureate Son reclines. 20
 Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
 And Wit dreads exile, penalties and pains.
 There foam'd rebellious Logic, gag'd and bound;
 There, stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the ground;
 His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne, 25
 And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
 Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
 Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn.

REMARKS.

v. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguish light.*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: light as intellectual only, wit, science, arts.

v. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order and the truth of things.

Ibid.---*a new world.*] In allusion to the Epicurian opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise; this the Poet alluded to, in the production of a new world, makes it partake of its original principles.

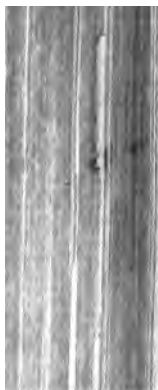


Now running round the circle,
But held in tenfold bonds the A
Watch'd both by Envy's and b
There to her heart sad Tragedy
The dagger, wont to pierce the
But sober History restrain'd he
And promis'd vengeance on a b
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, c
Had not her sister Satire held h
Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield
Thou wept'st, and with thee w

When, lo ! a harlot form soft
With mincing step, small voice
Foreign her air, her robe's disc
In patch-work flutt'ring, and he

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
One thrill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the same notes thy son shall hum, or snore,
And all the yawning daughters cry, *Encore.* 60
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense :
Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands, 65
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more---
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore. 70
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne :
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide by sure attraction led, 75
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen. 80

The gath'ring number as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.



What of or might in no one
A wit with dunces, and a dunce
Nor absent they, no member
Who pay her homage in her sense
Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee
Or impious, preach his word to
Patrons, who sneak from living
With-hold the pension, and seek
Or vest dull Flattery in the sacred
Or give from fool to fool the laurel
And (last and worst) with all the
Without the soul, the Muse's
There march'd the bard and his
Who rhym'd for hire, and patron
Narcissus, prais'd with all a passion
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath

But (happy for him as the times went then)
 Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
 To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling---“ Thus revive the wits !
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits ; 120
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save !)
 A new edition of old Æson gave ;
 Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
 And you my Critics ! in thê chequer'd shade, 125
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own ;

REMARKS.

v. 115, &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope, in the last edition which he himself gave of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into its place, as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakespeare should be published.

VARIATIONS.

v. 114.] What! no respect, he cry'd, for Shakespeare's page?

IMITATIONS.

v. 126. *Admire new light, &c.*]

“ The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 “ Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.”
 Waller

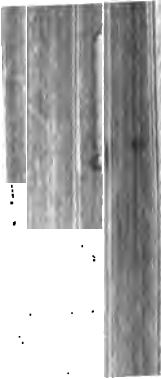
And while on ramp
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to them.
Now crowds on crowds around the Go
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next an
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-ha
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wan
His beaver'd brow a birchin garland wear
Dropping with infants' blood and mother
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs,
Eaton and Winton shake through all thei
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bol
Shrink, and confess the genius of the plac
The pale-boy senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both hi

Book IV.

THE DUNCIAD:

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents; or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
There truant Wyndham ev'ry muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid Murray, was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can,
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again:
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the counsel to a grammar-school!
For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king:



Broad hats, and hoods, and cap
Thick and more thick the black
A hundred head of Aristotle's
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting
[Though Christ-church long kept
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn
Each fierce Logician, still expect
Came whip and spur, and dash
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch
As many quit the streams that
To lull the sons of Marg'ret and
Where Bentley late tempestuous
In troubled waters, but now sleep
Before them march'd that awful
Plow'd was his front with many

Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
 Avaunt-----is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
 The mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again. 214
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know you better;
 Author of something yet more great than letter;
 While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whold debate,
 Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*. 200
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C. or K.
 Let friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop, never but like Horace joke:

REMARKS.

v. 223, 224. *Friend---Alsop.*] Dr. Robert Friend, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christchurch---Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

IMITATIONS.

v. 207. *He, king'y, did but nod.*] "---He, kingly, from his state
 "Declin'd not."--- Milton.
 v. 210.---*is Aristarchus yet unknown?*
 "Sic notus Ulysses?" Virg.
 "Dost thou not feel me, Rome?" Ben Jonson.
 v. 215. *Roman and Greek grammarians, &c.*] Imitated
 from Propertius, speaking of the Æneid,
 "Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!
 "Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade."

Be sure I give them fragments, not
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts
The critic eye, that microscope of
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit
How parts relate to parts, or they
The body's harmony, the beaming
Are things which Kuster, Burman
When man's whole frame is obvious

Ah, think not, Mistress! more
In Foily's cap, then Wisdom's gr
Like buoys, that never sink into th
On Learning's surface we but lie a
Thine is the genuine head of man;
And much divinity without a Neg

ee! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
 and metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
 or thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read: 250
 or thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 and write about it, Goddess, and about it:
 o spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 and labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
 What though we let some better sort of fool 255
 'hrid ev'ry science, run through ev'ry school?
 Ever by tumbler through the hoops was shown
 uch skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 'ague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme. 260
 We only furnish what we cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
 'ull in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 and petrify a genius to a dunce:
 Or set on metaphysic ground to prance, 265
 how all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:
 Then take him to develope, if you can,
 and hew the block off, and get out the man. 270

REMARKS.

onversant in the sublime geometry, the other in clas-
 ical learning; but who equally made it their care to
 dvance the polite arts in their several societies.

And titt'ring push'd the pedants
Some would have spoken, but the
By the French horn, or by the op'
The first came forwards with as e
As if he saw St. James's and the
When thus the attendant Orator
Receive, great Empress! thy acc
Thine from the birth, and sacred
A dauntless infant! never scar'd
The sire saw, one by one, his virt
Th: mother begg'd the blessing o
Thou gav'st that ripeness which s
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was
Through school and college, thy l
Safe and unseen the young A nea

To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours out great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
 To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
 To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing langour in the panting gales:
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps;
 Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
 His royal sense, of op'ras or the fair;
 The stews and palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all *bors d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;

REMARKS.

v. 307. *But chief, &c.*] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

v. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps.*] The winged Lion, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her Carnivals.



With nothing but a solo in his he
As much estate, and principle, ar
As Jan'en, Fleetwood, Cibber sh
Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a
And, as if a borough chose him,
See, to my country happy I resto
This glorious youth, and add one
Her too receive, (for her my soul
So may the sons of sons of sons c
Prop thine, O Empress! like each
And make a long posterity thy c
Pleas'd, she accepts the hero, and
Wraps in her veil, and frees from
Then look'd, and saw a lazy lo
Unseen at church, at senate, or a

Of ever-lisless loit'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend. 340
 Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.
 She pity'd! but her pity only shed 355
 Benigner influence on the nodding head.

But Annjus, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
 False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
 Came, cram'm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
 Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep, 351
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
 So he, but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r:

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat!
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.

IMITATIONS.

v. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack----*
And heard, &c.]

"Sedet, æternumque sedebi'!"

"Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes

"Admonet."----

Virg.

v. 355.----*grant me still to cheat!*

O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!]

"Da, pulchra Laverna,

"Da mihi fallere----

"Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem." Hor.

R ij

Now . . .

Nay, Mahomet! the poet

Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not

And keep his lares, tho' his house

To headless Phœbe his fair bride

Honour a Syrian prince above his

Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true

Bless'd in one Niger, till he know

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummi

Who like his Cheops, stinks above

Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd

Rattling an ancient sistrum at his

Speak'st thou of Syrian Prince

Mine, Goddess! mine is all the

True, he had wit to make their

From foolish Greeks to steal the

ious yet from harb'ring

bought them, shrowded in that living shrine, 385
and, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
still bears them, faithful! and that thus I eat,
as to refund the medals with the meat. 390

To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine.
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent; 395
so back to Pollio hand in hand they went.

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r. 400

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r, 405
suckl'd, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.

IMITATIONS.

"Terga fugae: donec fessos Egyptia tellus

"Cooperit."-----

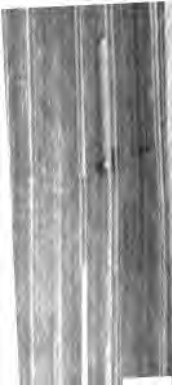
Ovid.

v. 405, &c. Fair from i's bumble bed, &c.----nam'd it
Caroline!

Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth Divine!

Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:

No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!\



Divine :

Did Nature's pencil ever b'ler
Such vary'd light in one prom
Now prostrate! dead! behold
No maid cries charming! and
And lo the wretch! whose vile
Laid this gay daughter of the
Oh punish him, or to th' Elys
Dismiss my soul, where no ca
He ceas'd, and wept. With i
Th' accus'd stood forth, an

Queen :

Of all th' enamel'd race, wh
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of
Or swims along the fluid atmos
Once brightest shin'd this shi

I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r 425
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd: 430
 Rose, or carnation, was below my care;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your
 parts:

Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But here a mother when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends; 440
 The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
 A drowzy watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a-clock.

VARIATIONS.

- v. 441. *The common soul, &c.*] In the first edit. thus:
 Of souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
 Serve but to keep fool's pert, and knaves awake;
 And mos' but find that centinel of God,
 A drowzy watchman in the land of Nod.

IMITATIONS.

- v. 427, 428. *It fled, I followed, &c.*]
 "-----I started back;
 "It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;
 "Pleas'd it return'd as soon." Mil.

May wander in a wilderness of m
The head that turns at superlunar
Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on V

O! would the sons of men once
And reason giv'n them but to stud
See nature in some partial narrow
And let the author of the whole es
Learn but to trifle; or, who most
To wonder at their Maker, not to

Be that my task (replies a gloom
Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely
Whose pious hope aspires to see tl
When moral evidence shall quite
And damns implicit faith, and ho
Prompt to impose, and foud to dog

in thy mists, we want no guide;
 arrogance, and source of pride! 470
 take the high Priory road,
 n downward, till we doubt of God;
 ure still encroach upon his plan,
 : him off as far as e'er we can:
 me mechanic cause into his place, 475
 : matter, or diffuse in space:
 : bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
 d Man's Image, Man the final Cause;
 ue local, all Relation scorn,
 Self, and but for self be born: 480
 : so certain as our Reason still,
 : so doubtful as of Soul and Will.
 e God still more! and make us see
 ucretius drew, a god like thee:
 : in self, a god without a thought, 485
 s of our merit; or default.
 ight image to our fancy draw,
 heocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 ough poetic scenes the Genius roves,
 rs wild in academic groves; 490
 are our society adores,
 indal dictates, and Silenus snores.
 at his name, up-rose the bowzy sire,
 k from out his pipe the seeds of fire;

REMARKS.

Silenus.] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, who appears from Virgil, *Ecl. vi.* where he sings verses of that philosophy in his drink.

And thus, from priestcraft
Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns
First slave to words, then vassal
Then dupe to party; child and
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd
A trifling head, and a contract
Thus bred, thus taught, how m
Smiling on all, and smil'd on b
Mark'd out for honours, honou
To thee the most rebellious thi
Now to thy gentle shadow all a
All melted down in pension, or
So K*, so B** sneak'd into the
A monarch's half, and half a ha
Poor W** nipt in folly's broad
Who praises now? his chanlain

With that a wizzard old his cup extends,
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Fire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes,
 Up to a star, and like Endymion dies: 520
 A feather, shooting, from another's head,
 Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing,
 And nothing left but homage to a king!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs, 525
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
 But she, good Goddess, sent to every child
 Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild; 530
 And straight succeeded, leaving Shame no room,
 Thiberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
 Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
 Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
 Not as the flatt'rer, or dependant, paint, 535
 Told himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
 In others' int'rest, her gay liv'ry flings,
 That waves on party-colour'd wings:
 'Tid to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
 As she turns, the colours fall, or rise. 540
 Evers the Syren Sisters warble round,
 Empty heads console with empty sound.

REMARKS.

of friendship or honour; and of the service of God
 country: all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-wor-
 the yet meaner considerations of lucre and
 treasures. From ver. 520, to 528.

How sweet

The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice wh
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!

Beeves at his touch, at once to jelly turn

And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn

The board, with spacious miracles, he lo

Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into t

Another (for in all what one can shine?

Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine

What cannot copious sacrifice atone?

Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayo

With French libation, and Italian stra

Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hay

Knight lifts the head; for what are cr

To three essential partridges in one?

and silent all repro

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
 Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

570

Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race,
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
 Some botanists, or florists at the least,
 Or issue members of an annual feast.

Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.

575

The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Then, blessing all, Go, children of my care!
 Go practise now from theory repair.

580

All my commands are easy, short, and full :

My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Guard my prerogative, assert my throne :

This nod confirms each privilege your own.

The cap and switch be sacred to his Grace ;

585

With staff and pumps the Marquis leads the race ;

From stage to stage the licens'd Earl may run,

Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the Sun ;

The learned Baron butterflies design,

Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line ;

590

The Judge to dance his brother serjeant call !

The Senator at cricket urge the ball ;

The Bishop stow (pontific luxury !)

An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye ;

The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop,

595

And drown his lands and manors in a soup.

Born for first ministers, as slaves for
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land
More she had spoke, but yawn
nods:

What mortal can resist the yawn of
Churches and Chapels instantly it r
(St. James's first, for leaden G--- p
Then catch'd the Schools; the
awake;

The Convocation gap'd, but could
Lost was the Nation's sense, nor co
While the long solemn unison wer
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm
The vapour mild o'er each Commit

Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
Wrong---- 625

O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain---the all-composing hour
Resistless falls : the Muse obeys the pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old! 630
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain, 635
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus's eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night. 640
See sculking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!

IMITATIONS.

v. 621. *Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest :
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest.*
"Quem telo primum, quem postremum aspera Virg.
"Dejicis? aut quot humi, morientia corpora fundis?"
Virg.

v. 637. *As Argus' eyes, &c.*

"Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
"Parte tamen vigilat----
"----Vidit Cyllenius omnes
"Succubuisse oculos," &c.

Ovid. Met. II

S ij

In vain! they gaze, vain gazing, --
 Religion, blushing, veils her sacred
 And unawares Morality expires.
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse
 Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is res
 Light dies before thy uncreating wor
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the cu
 And universal Darkness buries All,

VARIATIONS.

v. 643.] In the former edit. it stood
 Philosophy, that reach'd the hea
 Shrinks to her hidden cause, an
 And this was intended as a censure
 philosophy. For the Poet had been
 judices of foreigners, as if that philos.
 of Aristotle

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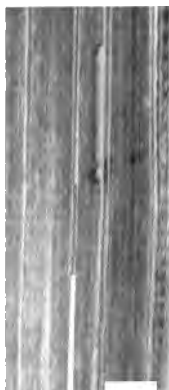
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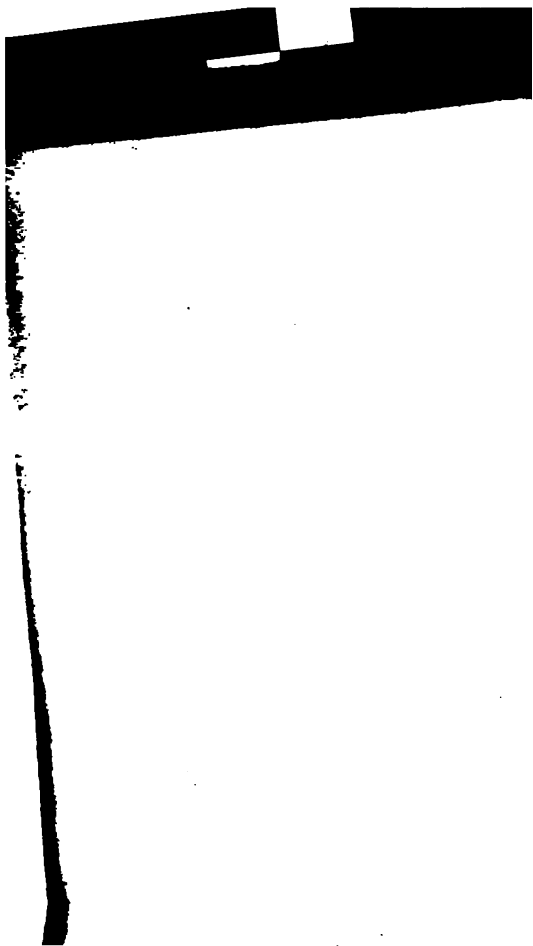


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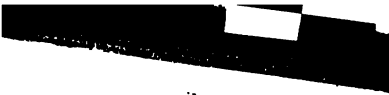












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